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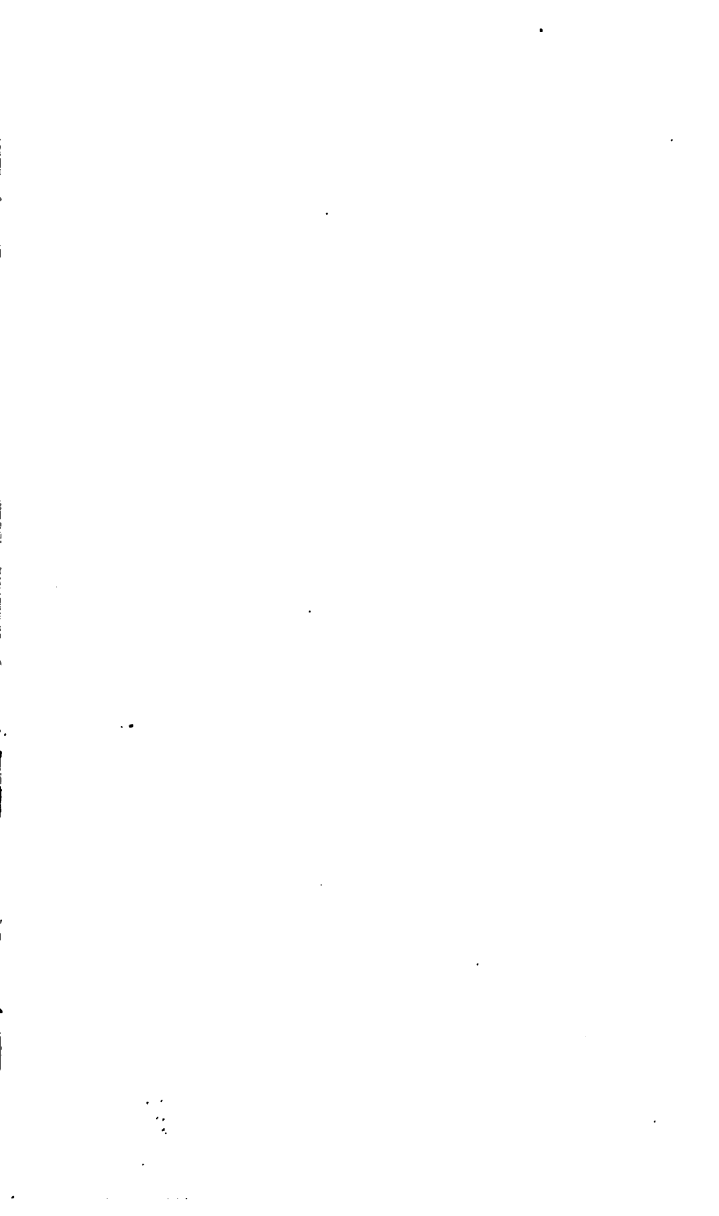
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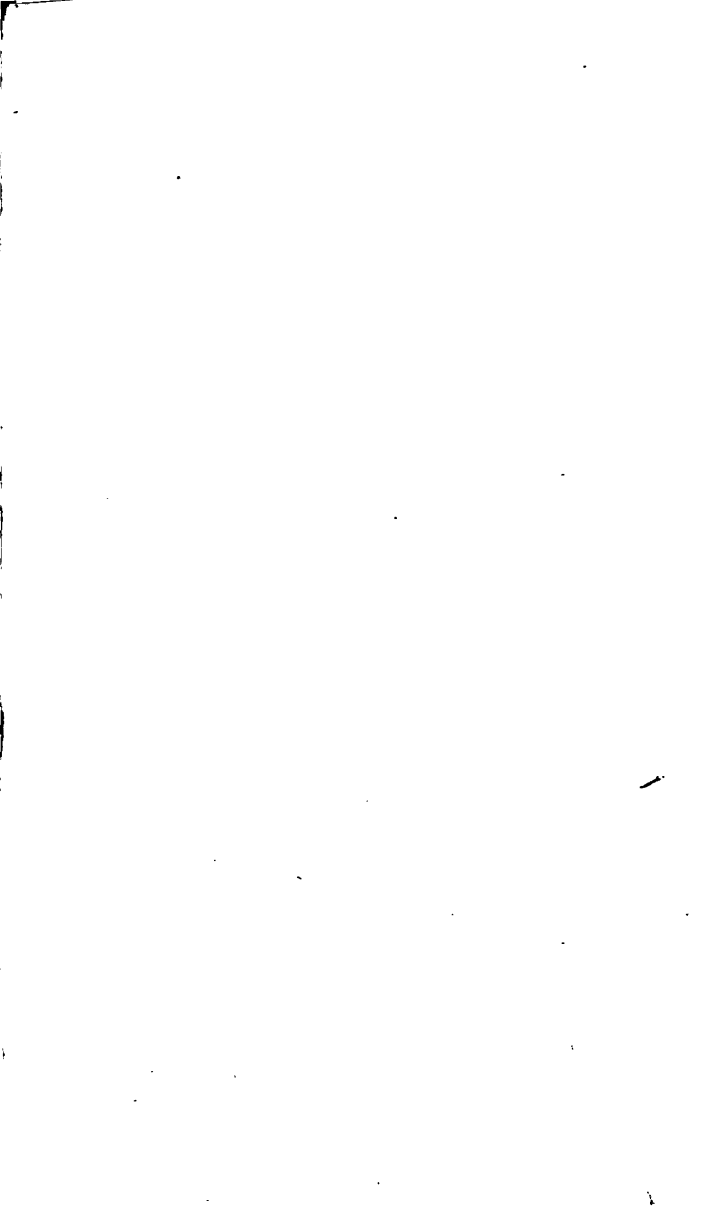
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THE
SPORTSMAN AND HIS DOG.

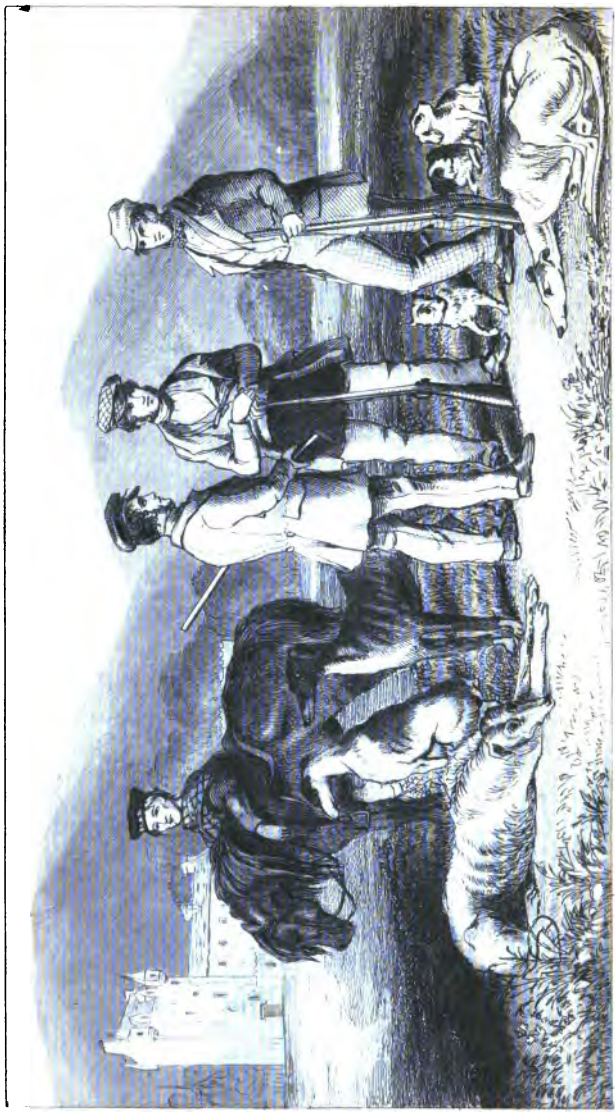
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THE

SPORTSMAN AND HIS DOG:

OR,

Hints on Sporting.

Elzéar J.L.J. Blaze

EDITED

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SCOTTISH SPORTS AND PASTIMES,"

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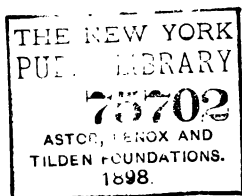
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THE
SPORTSMAN AND HIS DOG.

WHEN on a visit some years since to one of the most noble-hearted of English Noblemen, and I may truly add one of the best of English Sportsmen, at his romantic Shooting Castle, situated in one of the most beautiful of the Highland glens, the subject of conversation turned on a French Sporting Work written by M. E. Blazé, entitled *Le Chasseur au Chien d'Arrêt*. At the period to which I allude, I had neither the time nor inclination to peruse the book, and was, consequently, unable to give any opinion as to its merits as a Sporting Work, or of its general interest to the reader. Circum-

stances, however, which would be uninteresting to the public, induced me some months since to recur to the subject of the book in question, which was most kindly forwarded for my perusal. I therein found so much excellent matter as regards the truest natural history, and such thoroughly good sporting notions, intermixed with so many amusing anecdotes so well and so piquantly told, that I humbly ventured to translate the whole into English, with the assurance that such portions of it as may not be acceptable to the experienced sportsman as a matter of interest, could not fail to be so to the inexperienced, who will gain therefrom abundant and excellent information, from which he will be enabled to put theory into practice.

To M. E. Blazé, who I sincerely trust still lives and sports, I have only one apology to make, viz. that my pen can scarcely convey to the English reader a faithful opinion of the merits or the ability with which this work is written, inasmuch as it is almost impossible for any translation to embrace the numerous interesting anecdotes with which

it abounds in the same witty and pleasing style of which his own language admits. The fact, however, of its having found a translator who is most truly devoted to field sports of every kind, and that that translation has been admitted among the pages of the most widely-circulated sporting work in the most sporting country of Europe, must be a pleasing proof to him of the interest and value of his work, and I have only to add, in his own words :—" Et ce n'est point un livre ordinaire : il vous enseigne l'art de vous amuser ; il vous donne un plaisir de tous les jours ; la joie, le bonheur, la santé dans ce monde, et par-dessus le marché la vie éternelle dans l'autre : c'est ce que je vous souhais."

TAKING THE FIELD.

“ Enfin ce jour pompeux, cet heureux jour nous duit.”

CORNEILLE.

At length the sun rises on the long wished-for day: all is ready. The law permits war against the partridges. The hare, quiet in her form, which believed itself in peace with man, will see that peace was only a truce, which truce is ended. Ah! how many unfortunate partridges and rabbits will this day quit the delightful shade of the clover for the burning air of the kitchen! How many quails, on the wing for Africa and Asia, will find their intentions frustrated! Alas, having fattened themselves, the better to withstand the chances of the voyage, their plump and yellowed breasts will serve to satisfy the sensuality of gourmands! God created them to be eaten

at the second course, and they submit to their destiny. Some, wanting taste, dare to eat them at the first; but I shall in a moment prove to them it is a grave error; in the meantime be careful not to imitate them.

An amiable philosopher, M. Anthony Deschamps, put to me the following question: "Do you believe that man is permitted to kill a partridge?" "Unquestionably," said I, "in the shooting-season, having a license, and on ground where none can dispute his right." "You do not understand me: I ask you if you believe that, notwithstanding the three conditions you have named, man is justified in destroying a partridge, an animal which God has created?" "Most undoubtedly: but on the condition that he eats it also." "You believe, then, one may fearlessly eat a partridge?" "Certainly, when cooked to perfection."

Pythagore, bishop of St. Peter's, said otherwise: I am aware of it; so much the worse for them; they ought to be pitied. Listen to me: I admit the dilemma: either we ought to eat partridges, or they should

eat us ; that is the question from which you cannot escape. As each year they have fifteen or twenty young, remain ten years without destroying them, and their numbers will equal the wasps or mushrooms : then adieu to your corn and oats, your barley and your grapes. Therefore partridges must be eaten, or horses be shot. Eat partridges, those who love claret ; and, if only for the simple reason that we cannot live without bread, they must be eaten.

This right of eating partridges comes from a higher power. God said to Noah, " You shall be master of all the animals," (*manui vestræ traditi sunt*), which means that the animals are given to your hands, necessarily that your hands should put them in your mouth ; therefore, eat all you like. Man was not made to feed on grass, his canine teeth sufficiently prove it.

The Bishop of St. Peter's was a first-rate fellow, but he had little taste in culinary matters. Let the world talk, but eat on : added to which one thing is positive, that if all were listened to, none would be eaten.

The moment your dog has discovered you dressed in your shooting-jacket, and has scented your gaiters, he is well prepared for the events of the day. Behold the joy which brightens in his eyes : he jumps, he rolls, the earth flies from his paws : like the battle-horse who hears the trumpet sound, nothing equals his impatience. This picture is your first delight. Start, then, for your dog will be ill if you go not.

The most favourable hour to commence is with the departure of the morning dew. The herds are yet in their stable, and have not disturbed the game. The scent of the night is still fresh, and your dogs will find it more readily.

If you go to your starting point on wheels, never do so in company with loaded guns : when they are in question, a thousand precautions are not out of place. When you arrive, then load as soon as you like.

If your gun have a detachable breech, nothing is more simple than to introduce your cartridge and prime it. There are also self-priming guns made by Refaucheux and

Reniger. But, concluding you to possess a gun with a ramrod, it is necessary to load it.

Previous to undertaking this important operation, it is indispensable to put half a charge into each barrel, then fire it in the air without wadding; this is termed "flashing the gun." Should any little dirt have introduced itself into the barrel, the explosion will drive it out. Should it be too large to escape, your gun will snap: then take off the nipples, and recommence the operation. Immediately after, without blowing into the barrels (as some sportsmen have the bad habit), introduce your charges of powder, one in each side. If in the heat of action you put two into the same barrel, this will easily make itself evident by the height of the ramrods, as, having secured your wadding, it will on one side naturally be higher than on the other, when it will of course be necessary to draw it. It is often dangerous to fire a double charge; and the least which can result is a box on the ear, for which you will only have to thank yourself.

Every sportsman has his own system with

regard to the quantity of powder and shot which he uses together. It would be a great error to suppose that a stronger charge would give one a greater chance of success. An old proverb tells us it is as well to be "*chiche de poudre et large de plomb*;" and the Spaniards repeat, "*Poca polvera per digones hasta la bocca*." Nevertheless it is as well to fall neither into one excess nor the other. With regard to the powder, the state of the atmosphere should influence your determination. It is as well that every one should try his gun with different charges. That of which the result is the most favourable at forty paces will be found the best. When you have successively tried every charge of powder, with all degrees and quantities of shot of different numbers, then select the best.

Having previously made all these trials and preparations, and found the exact portion for the charge in your powder-flask, charge your gun. Put a wad in each barrel, and ram well down twice, as a soldier does at his exercise. Nevertheless it is as well

not to force your wadding too much, as the powder overpressed does not so readily ignite, and the recoil is stronger. Then pour in your shot : fix it well on the wadding, either by striking the but lightly on the ground, or the top of the barrels with your hand ; then ram home your other wadding, not with too much force, but sufficiently to well secure your shot.

Some sportsmen content themselves with forcing the wadding on the top of the shot without ramming it. In this they are wrong, inasmuch as the slightest movement of the gun from the weight of the shot may remove the wad, and it escapes altogether.

At the commencement of the season you may use No. 8 or No. 7 shot ; later, No. 5 and No. 6 ; and at the end, No. 4. The smaller the shot the less it scatters, and the less distance it carries. The ordinary distance for 7 and 8 is from twenty to thirty paces ; from thirty to forty with 6 and 7 ; and from forty to fifty, 5 and 6 ; from sixty to seventy may be attained with No. 4. There are occasions when you may kill at

far greater distances than the above, but in such case you must put it down for hazard rather than certainty or good shooting. Should you fire beyond the distances I have named, let your sight be longer or higher; this is necessary to obtain a chance of success. We are not writing a philosophical treatise, consequently I shall not submit to you the laws which regulate the escape of the shot from the gun. Neither you nor I having time to consider the causes, we must content ourselves with the result.

The shot will be sure to scatter if it be not of equal size, and round: it is therefore necessary to examine it well when you buy it. When purchasing shot, should I hesitate in regard to the number, I always buy the lowest; that is to say, the least shot, for it carries the best. You miss frequently at a long shot, but you are repaid at a fair distance. Believe me, the compensation is always to the advantage of a sportsman. With deer-shot a partridge may be killed at one hundred and fifty paces, but thirty following will be missed with it at twenty. Some sportsmen,

to the number of which I belong, are in the habit during the autumn of charging each barrel with different-sized shot, taking the near shot with one, the long with the other.

Be cautious not to put on the caps previous to loading your gun: this operation should be performed afterwards. The cap being fixed prevents the air forced down in the loading from escaping, and the nipples being filled with air do not admit of the powder entering. Having fired a shot, take the precaution not to let fall the hammer on the side which you have not discharged, and on all occasions when loading be careful to hold the barrels as far as convenient from your head.

Having loaded one barrel, never leave your ramrod in the other. A single shot may fix itself between the ramrod and the barrel, thus preventing your withdrawing it. This want of care once caused me to lose a splendid day's shooting, and I returned alone with an empty game-bag,

“ Honteux comme un renard
Qu'une poule aurait pris.”

Should both your barrels be discharged, always load them together. If, in order to gain time, you load one only, it is possible that several shot may fall into your empty barrel, and thus, when you load it, your gun may snap; which will necessitate your drawing the charge, by which you will lose more time than you have gained.

When you have only fired one barrel, it may be as well to slip the ramrod into the other, which will secure the wadding, as the shaking caused by loading not unfrequently loosens or displaces it, by which serious accidents may be caused.

During the month of September, when the weather is very warm, your barrels become much heated after firing several shots: you must then diminish the charge, which nevertheless will have a greater effect than the ordinary one in cold weather. If you do not take this precaution, the violence of the concussion will be so great that your gun will of itself return to the half-cock.

The strength of the powder may be augmented by the sun, which dries up all the

damp particles. This principle once understood, during wet weather it is as well to increase the charge.

As a general rule, when you make use of the drawing-rod, invariably take off your caps; it is not sufficient to lower your cocks: at times the ramrod offers resistance: you cannot withdraw it yourself: you call a friend to your assistance—one pulls the rod, the other holds the gun. In this “pull devil, pull baker” position, a twig or branch of a tree touches the cock, and raises it to the half-cock; it requires scarcely as much to fire it.

Having loaded, see that the powder has well entered into the nipples. Should this not be the case, shake in a few grains, put on your caps, fix them well by letting down your cocks: you are armed: move on.

MAKE READY—FIRE.

“ Le chasseur prend son tube, image de tonnerre ; il l'élève au niveau de l'œil qui le conduit ; le coup part, l'éclair brille, et la foudre le suit.”— DELILLE.

BUT I allow myself to be carried away by my subject. As yet we have not fired our first shot, and I have already detailed accounts of well-filled game-bags, from which dead partridges fall as billiard balls rolling from the horn of abundance daubed as the sign of a billiard-room. This digression, caused by some happy recollections, will reanimate your hope, and you will forgive me.

You have started, your dog precedes you, a bird gets up unawares ; do not fire ; you will miss it ; and a repetition of such events will disgust your dog, who may possibly leave you.

One of my friends, inexperienced as he was, begged me one day to lend him a dog. Now you should lend neither your wife, your horse, nor your dog ; but I, who am blessed with a greatness of soul quite uncommon, exhibited my magnanimity to the extent of entrusting Medora to his care ; the illustrious Medora, the best of dogs,

“ Quo non præstantior alter,”

to range, point, and bring fur or feather. My friend started ; an hour elapsed, when Medora returned alone to his kennel. Soon afterwards my sportsman arrived. “ Your dog left me.” “ I am aware of it ; he told me you missed five or six shots running.” “ It is true.” “ By heaven, I was certain of it. A dog hunts for his pleasure far more so than for yours. Amuse him, then, if you desire he should return the compliment.”

I have not forgotten that as yet you have never shot either hares or partridges : wait till your dog stands, it will not be long first. Let him alone, do not talk to him ; follow

in silence, he knows more than you do. He is here—there—sinks—then raises his nose to seize the scent which the wind conveys : he stops, his position becomes serious—your game is not far off. The dog reflects, calculates, advances with precaution ; he chooses the spot, so as to place his feet without noise, extends himself, and points.

When you have had some experience, you will ascertain from the position of your dog the species of game to which he stands. For a hare, the tail of the dog is generally very stiff, and slightly curved towards the end ; inclined and straight for a rabbit ; a slight degree elevated and straight for a quail ; and, lastly, when very stiff, very straight, and parallel with the horizon, it is a partridge. For birds found in the marshes, such as snipes and rails, the tail of the dog makes slight movements from right to left, which may be said to infer uncertainty.

As yet, however, we have not arrived at this crisis. Your heart beats with vio-

lence, your breast heaves, you breathe with pain: do not choke, be calm: the weather is hot—the game will hold to the point—you have plenty of time. Assure yourself in this manner: “The game is very near me: in order that my shot may be effectual, I should fire at thirty paces; I have then time to prepare and to take good aim.” Recollect, if you fire at fifteen paces, you have less chance than at twenty-five or thirty, as it is only at such a distance your shot can have good effect; nearer it will be too much balled. If you kill, you destroy your bird, and moreover you must take much better aim to touch it; whereas at thirty paces, should you fire below, or even on the side, the bird will probably fall.

All this thought over, reasoned on, and calculated on, place yourself in such a position as to prevent the sun shining in your eyes; when this precaution is not taken, two disagreeable results are sure to follow: the one, you invariably miss, or you hit by chance; added to which your

eyes become so dazzled it requires some time to recover yourself. All appears red or blue, and the trees seem to dance before you. A partridge takes the colours of a parrot, and, without doubting your aim, you fire three paces from it.

Good! now you have turned your back on the sun, advanced a foot, then two, the game rises. Be prepared, place your gun firm to the shoulder, take a steady aim, and touch not your trigger till the bird is in a straight line with your eye and the sight. But, above all, do not be in a hurry; you have far more time than is required: rather let it fly ten paces further than fire by chance: you have missed your first shot, increase your hope of the second by a better aim.

Nothing falls: the game is off, unharmed save by fear; your dog looks at you and recommences his work. You missed both shots because you were in too great a hurry: your gun was not sufficiently firm to the shoulder, which causes two serious inconveniences; it vibrates, and causes an

uncertain shot, sent by chance through the air, added to which the recoil gives you an unpleasant blow. I perceive, also, that your right cheek is a little red, which is disagreeable, but it does not dishonour you.

Recollect, in order to be well prepared, you should elevate your right arm as much as possible without inconvenience, the elbow being more elevated than the shoulder; the result is that the hollow or the but of the gun rests there, finding a better support than were the elbow lower. For one shot which you miss from having fired too late, there are twenty so missed from firing too soon. Shots are also often missed from a desire to see too much of your game; that is to say, you obtain too good a sight, and fire above it. You should aim at the centre of your bird, and never see more than half of it when you pull the trigger.

Walk on: commence again,—recollect your lesson, and if you follow it only once a fine partridge will repay you.

I did not deceive myself: down goes one; you are all alive—your dog runs for it.

“Bring !” ought to be your only call—your only word. He well knows that his business is to bring it ; but in order that he should not forget his duty, remind him always. At the same time mark down the rest of the covey—we must look for them.

Having your bird safe, caress your dog both with the voice and the hand. This animal is most sensible of kindness, as also of chastisement. He should remain at your feet while you load. If you allow him to range at will, he will put your game up when you are not there to shoot it. When I say your dog should remain at your feet, I do not infer that he should approach or caress you : these endearments may cause a shot which remains for you to rise, and more than one sportsman has regretted the neglect of this precaution.

Young sportsmen have at times the detestable habit of firing both barrels at once into a covey of partridges which rise under their feet, and that without taking aim. I have even seen those who were in such a

hurry that the ends of their barrels were actually close to the birds. This habit is vicious, blameable, and abominable: it is the surest manner not to kill, but possibly to wound several, who die far off, or are the prey to vermin. Having once succeeded in killing, and having picked up three or four birds with one shot, they hope to succeed again; but you may bet ten to one that in firing this way you will kill nothing.

A good sportsman selects a right and left shot in the covey, probably two separated from the others; aims at one, then the other, kills them both, and lets the others off, with the intention of meeting them again—

“ Je vous en avertis,
Vous viendrez toutes au logis.”

And it is not without the best intention that I advise your aiming at the birds separated from the covey. If you fire at those in the centre, their neighbours may go off wounded. At all times, when two birds cross, it is as well to fire at their meeting.

point, if they have not met; or, if you discover their mutual intention of approach, keep your eye on the void which separates them, and the moment they meet pull your trigger: thus I have killed doubly-double shots. But this is a rare occurrence, only such as arrives on fortunate days, such as the Romans noted with a "white stone."

In sporting, as at *écarté*, or any other game of chance, you may have your good luck and your bad—on some days every thing goes well, on others quite the contrary.

Be satisfied with the consequences without desiring to divine the cause. Besides, we are not likely to discover it—it is one of the thousand riddles of the world.

Continue your walk. Here we are in a field of potatoes—your dog ranges actively: all at once he stands firm, his nose straight, his paw elevated; he remains like a statue, in the position he had when moving. His tail is stiff, a trifle arched below; his seriousness is imperturbable; he is altogether at his work, be you at yours.

Every thing denotes a hare : look beneath that tuft, she is on her form there, and safe from the rays of the sun ; she has chosen the best position for shade and comfort—she never dreamt of a gun. Unquestionably you might destroy her point blank ; but we are sporting, not committing murder : moreover it is a question of learning, and not the desire of having a hare in your bag. By and bye I will explain to you the circumstances which may permit you to fire under the nose of your dog.

Walk on : the hare starts ; aim well, and fire, but not in a hurry. Allow your dog to do his work : should the hare be wounded, her pace will be retarded, she will be taken ; if not, your dog will return when satisfied that pursuit is useless.

When a hare runs straight, your aim should be between the ears when you touch the trigger ; if not, you run a risk of wounding or missing her. A sportsman should not satisfy himself with breaking the leg of a hare or the wing of a partridge : when he has a fair shot, his game should be

dead. At a long shot it is another question : it is then excusable to wing a partridge or wound a hare.

When a quail is on the wing, then more patience is required. The quail flies straight, and more slow than a partridge. When it rises, you have time to take a pinch of snuff and kill it; you must even be careful not to fire the moment you are ready, or have taken aim, or your bird will be destroyed. Let him fly, and do not fire less than twenty-five or thirty paces off. A good shot never misses a quail which rises from the point of his dog. This is the *pons asinorum* of the sportsman.

As for a rabbit, it is far more difficult. They start from bushes, do not run straight, but make many zigzags, and it requires much practice to knock them over well without a good aim, and I will pardon you all the shots you may miss. But the bush-rail, the king of quails, which rises at your feet, stretches out his long hanging legs, and gives you all necessary time,—the ease with which these good and innocent birds

are killed, always leaves me in surprise that any remain.

The pheasant rises majestically—he shows a bold front to your aim ; but the noise which he makes astonishes those who are not accustomed to it. Beginners always miss them : they hurry too much—they lose their heads, and, really, not without excuse. You must recollect that his tail is not a portion of the animal, and that the rear-guard often saves an army.

This lesson often repeated will bring you by and bye to the best results. Practice will do the rest : soon with much coolness you will see your dog at the point,—a hare will start, a partridge will rise, but the pleasure will be always the same. And tell me if, in regard to all other things, you can say the same ?

THE MORE HASTE THE LESS SPEED.

“ Mon chien bondit, s'écarté et suit avec ardeur
L'oiseau dont les zéphirs vont lui porter l'odeur :
Il s'approche, il le voit, transporté mais docile,
Il me regarde alors et demeure immobile.
J'avance, l'oiseau part, le plomb que l'œil conduit
Le frappe dans les airs au moment qu'il s'enfuit ;
Il tourne en expirant sur ses ailes tremblantes,
Et le chemin est jonché de ses plumes sanglantes.”

YESTERDAY you killed a partridge ; little, you will say, for the first day. It is much if you took good aim at it, and were not assisted by chance. Let us begin again : from the haste with which you have risen this morning, and the care which you have taken to prepare all your appointments, I see you wish for nothing better ; you have the desire, which is necessary to succeed in all things.

Let us walk at forty or fifty paces one

from the other, but in the same line, that our dogs may beat, without stopping, the space which separates us: should any game rise suddenly, let nothing take off your attention—fire! to-day you ought to be inured. Be all eyes and ears in walking, as ready as you were yesterday when your dog was at the point; always thinking that a bird is about to rise, always prepared to fire.

You will miss frequently, but I am there to back you; and our dogs will return with something in their jaws.

Look at this partridge I have just killed; you ought to have saved me the trouble, as it rose under your feet. You fired too soon—your gun was not well to the shoulder: had you hit your game it would have been destroyed, it was only ten paces from you when you touched the trigger.

I have already warned you not to be in a hurry—I shall repeat it to you unceasingly. A young beginner should be preceded by a man carrying a board on his back, on which is written in large letters, “Do not

hurry." It often occurs to me that he would be of much service.

You may tell me this does not always depend on yourself—such is possible. I am aware that a partridge may cause the best resolutions to vanish. You lose your head—this I can understand. Listen to me, I will give you some good advice. Do not load your gun: when your game rises, place yourself in position, aim well at it, follow it with your eye; you are certain not to kill it, consequently you can act with coolness. When you have your bird well at the end of your barrels, fire the cap. Do this during several days; then load your gun with powder only, and begin again. The conviction that nothing can fall to your shot will soon accustom you to fire with a more dangerous weapon, and you will not have to regret the result. I know some excellent shots who served this apprenticeship.

Unquestionably it is no agreeable recreation to walk over fields with an unloaded gun. A sportsman thus equipped may be

compared to a life-guardsman armed with a harlequin's wand; but if you hurry again I shall be obliged to come to this extremity. No imprudence. Let your lock down on the cap: had I not been with you your right hand would have been in danger, and probably your face. I am aware you have two hands, but, recollect, only one head.

The whole secret of arms is in giving without ever receiving. This is what I was one day told by my fencing-master, M. Sourdain—that is to say, do not accept yourself the load reserved for the partridges. If a gun goes off on my side, pay no attention to it; as I offer a larger surface, I can receive the shot: in which case, farewell my lesson; it is for your interest I speak.

Good! now you go into another extreme: instead of hurrying, you do not fire at all. That partridge at which you aimed was not too far off, never was bird at a better distance. I was glad to see your barrels follow it in the air, but I desired a result—more was wanted, you should have finished by killing it.

You saw that covey of partridges which have just alighted in the clover: move on, take the wind, and as we walk listen to me. The covey are in force. The captain and lieutenant are at their head; that is to say, the old birds are there to direct the manœuvres of the young ones. Let us commence with the former: once deprived of their leaders, the soldiers will disband; those fellows give them bad advice. Our dogs are about to stand: it is hot, and the birds will hold. At the commencement you will aim at the old bird which rises on your side. If you kill it, fire your second barrel at another; if not, another shot at him. Above all do not fire at chance—aim well; do not be in a hurry, and fire. This is the time to show courage. Recruits are frightened at the first cannon shot.

The noise made by a covey of partridges rising at your feet has far more effect on the nerves. Do not laugh, you will soon tell me some news of them. I, with all my experience, am not even yet quite cool. My respiration becomes painful, and I al-

ways feel glad when the crisis is over. Walk on in silence.

Bravo! two birds at one shot, two partridges crossing one another, the point of meeting admirably seized. Young man, you may be satisfied. A bright future opens for you. I see an uninterrupted succession of well-filled game-bags. That shot shows me you will be a sportsman. In such manner Buonaparte, before Toulon, announced to the world Napoleon of Austerlitz.

Do not run to find your birds; allow your dog to do his work; it is his duty to bring them—it is his pleasure rather. Look where the others have gone. Well! two in the sainfoin, one in the stubble, the remainder in the hedge-row. We will pay them a visit; each shall have his turn, they shall lose nothing by waiting.

Begin by the single bird. A partridge alone is a dead partridge. When they are in covey, some look out, others listen, and the fear of harm tells them of the harm they fear: they are off before the danger

arrives. A single bird down does not move, but allows the dog to stand to it. You must understand, however, that such are among the number that have not already been fired at: when they have, they become more wary; nevertheless, at all times, a single bird is far more easy to kill than when in company.

After those which we have seen drop in the stubble, we will take a look for those in the clover, and thence to the hedge-row. In fact, we will follow them as long as any remain, or, at least, as long as we can find them on our own ground.

You have fired into the hedge-row, your dog seeks a fallen bird and finds it not; the partridge is not dead, but has only a broken wing, and he runs. He is incumbered, in which manner he often gets far away: you must then take your dog to the place where the game has fallen; let him scent the spot, saying to him, "Seek, seek! bring it!" and the moment you are certain, by his precipitate movements, that he is on a right scent, let him do his work, and do

not interrupt him. If you walk after him you may, perhaps, put up other game ; and if you fire, the noise of your gun will bring back your dog, who will no longer listen to your voice.

Soon you will see him return, all joy, with a living bird in his mouth : then is the time to caress him, flatter him, and say pretty things to him ; he will understand them well, and you will be repaid. His tongue is powerless, I am aware, but his tail possesses an eloquence which many R. A.'s may covet.

Yet if the ground is dry, the weather very hot, the nose of the dog has no longer that extreme nicety of smell which he possesses when the weather is fresh. The sun absorbs the scent of a partridge, and your game is lost ; do not blame your dog : it is not his fault ; he is more taken in than you.

There is still another way of finding your bird. When returning in the evening pass by the spot where you wounded it : it is probable he may have rejoined his companions, who are not far off. He is in their

centre ; each one tells of the fatigues and dangers they have encountered : his is the longest story, who has left several feathers of his wing in the battle, which he survived by flying.

Approach the covey ; fire, or do not fire : those who are well will be off, but the wounded one will remain : let your dog find him, he will soon be a prisoner.

On every occasion that I pass by a spot from which I have seen a covey of birds rise, I wait a moment, and cause my dog to hunt ; and often, above all in the commencement of the season, I glean something. These are little profits which ought not to be neglected.

All that I have said in reference to partridge shooting applies to the quail, the hare, and the rabbit. The lesson resolves itself into this : place your gun well to the shoulder, take good aim, and fire without being in a hurry. In the chapters that we shall devote for each species of game, I will endeavour to explain all the modifications relative to firing under every circumstance.

An essential habit, which ought to be observed when one follows with the barrel, as regards crossing game, whether on the wing or running, is not to hesitate at the moment of firing, as neither a hare nor a partridge will stop, and consequently you fire behind them. It is, therefore, necessary to accustom the hand to follow your game with a uniform movement: this is indispensable to become a good shot.

In shooting often you become a good shot—practice will soon accustom you to see a bird rise suddenly with coolness; you will no longer be in a hurry, and firing without hesitation your bird will fall into the jaws of your dog, without your being able to explain to yourself how such an operation was effected.

The prompt shot at game which gets up at a long distance in a wood is often very extraordinary; one has only a second or two to make ready and fire: a moment longer, and your object would have been out of sight. Very well! This calculation is made by the glance of the eye; your gun

to the shoulder, the shot is fired and your bird dead. Practice has done all : your arm, your eye, your finger, have obeyed, you not how or why. A mechanical movement has operated. This object you have achieved the moment you conceived it. When you desire to write a note, you write it ; this appears simple enough. Nevertheless, how many thoughts are required to write this word ! In the first place, thought must conceive it ; the letters which compose it are presented to you in their natural order ; you have written one after another, with their accents, their turns, their points, their apostrophes—all this is done without calculation—mechanically, and the word is written.

There are those, to practise themselves in partridge-shooting, who shoot owls in the day-time : it is a useless murder—murder, because the owl only does good in eating the millions of insects which devour us ; useless, because you may shoot fifty owls following and miss all the partridges you find. That which constitutes a good sports-

man is quickness of action : this promptitude, this certain glance of the eye, which causes him to seize the occasion in a hair's-breadth—the occasion once lost which may never again be found. The Romans represent it running on the edge of a razor and flying as a bird.

“Cursu volucris, pendens in novacula.”

They had reason : the partridge, the quail, all species of game, resemble it. You must take advantage of the moment, once gone, never to return. In like manner can shooting owls be like that of game? They go, they come, they come again—a hundred times—a thousand : you take your time, you aim, you fire only when they are at the end of your gun. You select the moment, and this moment lost, returns in a minute. You may have better practice by throwing up sparrows from your hand and firing at them in the air.

As with partridges, you must select your time—and it will cause you no inconvenience to destroy a few of these really quarrel-

some birds—but as regards the owl it is positively a crime to kill them.

Nevertheless, a sportsman may hit many a sparrow and miss a partridge, though they show a better front. The noise which the latter make when rising astonishes and unnerves, and some time is required to accustom yourself to it; and we know that a young actor who plays well at rehearsals loses his head or forgets himself before a paying pit.

THE WIND AND THE WALK.

“ Pour être bon chasseur, il ne s'agit pas seulement de savoir bien tirer, il faut encore savoir bien chasser.”

BEGIN by taking the wind ; that is to say, should it blow from the north, walk toward the north ; if from the south, to the south : you will soon find the disadvantages of not following this method. Two great annoyances will be caused therefrom : the game will hear the noise of your footsteps, and your dog will hunt without scent. The contrary will be the case if you feel a slight breeze in your face. This conveys to the nose of your dog the peculiar scents which emanate from the hare or the partridge. Like the miner who follows in the earth a vein of ore, the dog follows this line of invisible atoms, and traces out your path.

It is not the distance you walk, but the manner in which you seek your game which

secures sport. Explore all your ground : leave none untried.

You have beaten with a good wind a field of lucerne : should another join, do not commence it without taking the wind : rather return to that you have tried, in order to commence the new one with the wind in your favour. These marches and counter-marches are always necessary, and often very useful : the hare, which has not moved the first time, starts on the second, and your trouble is repaid. When the field is large and long, take it at your ease, lengthways, returning always over the ground you have beaten, as it is useless to walk over your fields save you have the wind.

You may also cross and recross the field : in such cases you have always a side-wind. Where you have plenty of shooting ground, adopt this plan ; if on the contrary, do not follow it.

In the latter case, you must economise, and not waste. Stop from time to time ; be all eyes and ears. A sportsman who is always on the move may walk ten times

over a hare without its moving. The regular movement of his steps is far from frightening it; but let him stop, and it is off at once. One can readily understand the calculation of a hare, that is to say, if a hare calculates. I believe it, inasmuch as La Fontaine says they dream. "The first steps have done me no harm, neither have the second; the others will perhaps have the same result:" thus reasons the hare. "They have walked, but I have received no ill: they do not see me. I will remain on my form: but they stop; I am then discovered. I was all right as long as they were on the move, not so when they stop." And away she goes.

You must not always rely on the nose of your dog: circumstances have occurred when the very best have passed near a hare without scenting it:—for example, when the weather is very hot or dry; if your dog has not had water for some time; if you are shooting in flowery clover or sainfoin—in this case the perfume which the flowers exhale neutralises the scent of the game;

when the slightest wind blows in a contrary direction at the moment that the dog passes near the hare: such have occurred to me; I have shot one after having beaten a field three times, although I had passed so near it that the prints of my feet were actually within a few inches of his nose. I question whether he was not in a devil of a fright.

When walking with a loaded gun, your hand should be on the small of the arm, and never near the triggers. A stone may cause you to make a false step, and off it goes; and it is as well to carry your barrels always slightly elevated, in order that your neighbours may not suffer from any such misfortune. Your gun should form an angle of forty-five degrees with the horizon.

If I endeavour to give you advice profitable to your companions, understand them not the less in reference to yourself.

Be careful of young sportsmen. If you walk with them, place yourself rather in the rear than in the front. These youngsters sometimes lose their heads at the sight of a partridge; a hare causes them a giddi-

ness; and a pheasant throws them into convulsions.

They fire always with little care, how or where: this is not agreeable to their neighbours; it is as well to be out of shot. As for myself, I never shoot so well as when I am alone. In company it is necessary to give attention to others, both for them as for one's self. If a bird rises, all wish to kill it; all are in a hurry, and all miss it. I have thus seen several shots fired at a hare, which has gone off none the worse.

He who walks most sees the most game. But you must walk well and with spirit; not saunter over the fields, uselessly frightening hares and partridges, and sending them on the property of your neighbour, where you cannot follow them.

A good sportsman, like an able general, studies his field of battle; the moment he has discovered his fields of clover or of wheat-stubble and fallow, his plan is formed; he already knows the shots he is likely to fire from the position of his ground: his eagle-eye has shown him the

advantage he is likely to derive from the immense potato-ground which will form the base of his operations. He shoots in a circumference towards the centre, penetrates the wood when it is well filled, and expels the game from the woods again into the open.

Imitate this sportsman, and each of his manœuvres will aid to fill your game-bag: quails and partridges will fall therein at every step: their agreeable weight will finish by being unpleasant, and will hasten your return.

Recollect a little the pleasure which this game has afforded you: first, in finding it; secondly, when it was found; thirdly, when the point of your dog has caused your heart to beat, and given you those delightful emotions which a sportsman alone can appreciate; fourthly, when you have fired and brought down your bird; fifthly, when your well-trained dog lays it at your feet; sixthly, when you have felt its weight on your back, as nothing is heavier than an empty game-bag; seventhly, on your return home, when

you proudly exhibit the amount of your success; and that your he-cook—for, alas! I have only a she-cook—admiring the hares, partridges, quails, and rabbits, meditates a sauce or prophesies a “gibelotte,” prepares the bacon to lard the one, or cabbage for the other.

His experienced eye never deceives him. The quails are for the next day. The partridges will succeed them; and then come the hares and rabbits. As for the pheasants—oh, for the pheasants!—you must wait awhile: this is a subject which we must study and meditate on. It is necessary to consult the atmosphere, if it is hot or cold, if the wind blows from the north or south; these observations, made with thought, determine the day when the pheasant will embalm your dining-room with its delicious odour. Recollect, that a pheasant, killed the day previous, is not worth a fowl. Savarin decided this, and who has ever discussed the question with more grace, science, and amiability?

All these culinary preparations will furnish

your eight delights. So
little of the latter ; I by
them. As regards mys
all things, and take ad
joys allotted to man as
system generally answe
ably well : imitate me,
the pleasure of meeting
pare notes.

THE HARE.

“ Lièvre je suis de petite stature,
Donnant plaisir aux nobles et gentils ;
D’être léger, vite de nature,
Sur tout reste on me donne le prix.”

Du FOUILLEUX.

THE hare is sufficiently known by all the world ; it is, therefore, scarcely necessary that I should amuse myself by giving a description, forasmuch as I am not writing a book on Natural History.

This animal breeds the first year : the female generally gives birth to two young, sometimes three, and even four. In the month of March, and even in February, as soon as the mild influences of spring are felt, the bucks pursue the females with incredible desire ; their passion amounts even to rage, which causes among them such bloody battles as even to terminate

by death. On one occasion I passed by the battle-field of two of these gentlemen, and saw with a shudder the fur of a hare scattered in the sun in sufficient quantity to make a muff; here and there traces of blood; the end of an ear torn by teeth only made to nip the grass: farther on a still breathing body. "See the dangerous effects of love," said I to my cook, "and make me a good sauce."

The first leverets are littered in February, the last in September. Should you find a hare to-day, if he be not chased by your dog, come to-morrow and you will find her near the same spot, or within two hundred yards. Should you kill a leveret marked on the forehead with a white star, seek again in the same place; her brother will not be far off. A leveret born alone has no mark.

The destiny of a hare is a strange one—an enemy to none, yet are all the world its enemies—the wolf, the fox, birds of prey, man, and even the rabbit. The rabbit, risking the same dangers, yet seeks

to quarrel with her. Unfortunate! live in peace! the coverts are large enough, herbs are sufficiently abundant for both: be brothers from habit as you are from resemblance, inasmuch as your lot is the same, for the only difference I find between you is when on the table. If the hare has many enemies, she may always reckon kings among her protectors. In all countries there have been innumerable laws made in her favour; the sovereigns of all nations have signed them by dozens. How often have serious affairs been neglected for those having reference to hares! But these high protections were similar to those of a butcher protecting his sheep from a wolf. Lady Morgan, who was at times in error when speaking of France, spoke truly when she said that we estimated the life of a hare to that of the liberty of man.

When the weather is hot, the hare is almost always found on the borders of a clover-field, potato-field, or of covert, whatever it may be, where it is sure of protection from the rays of the sun. In winter,

on the contrary, she places herself in its heat, always exposed to the wind, on a bank, or in a fallow field. She selects any place of her own colour; she scratches the earth, and makes a form always in proportion to her size; and there this estimable animal sleeps; but she sleeps with her eyes and ears open. The hare, endowed with an extremely fine sense of hearing, passes her life in one continual fear. She starts with an extreme speed; her front legs, shorter than the hind ones, give her greater facility in ascending than descending; it is as well, therefore, when with other shooters, to select the most elevated ground, for she is sure to take that direction.

It is rare that a hare takes the same form two days running: she makes a fresh one each morning. This animal has much dislike to dew; she fears to wet either her feet or skin; for this reason she seeks for the cleanest and driest spots. Through woods and hedgerows she makes a path, which she always follows; should she find in that

path any **root** or **thorns**, she gnaws them with her **teeth**. With a glance of an eye a sportsman will assure himself of the usual track of a **hare**.

It is **easy** to discover the sex of a hare on its **form**; the buck always keeps his ears close and **firm** to the side of the head; the doe, on the contrary, keeps them open and enlarged on both sides.

*"Indivisa jacet mediis quando auris in armis,
Ille tibi mas sit : quando utraque pendet
Utriusque femina."*

The Abbé Daries, of Carniol, in the Basses Alpes, was a great sportsman. One day, at the moment of proceeding to his clerical duties, a peasant came to say that he knew of a hare on her form. The Abbé hastened through his service, and quitting his church took his gun. Arrived near the hare, the shooter said to his guide, "Turn her up; I do not murder my game." The hare is started, the Abbé takes aim, but fires not; the peasant is astonished. "Fool!" said the sportsman, "do you not see it is a doe, and she is heavy?" In the

same circumstances I entreat all sportsmen to follow the Abbé's example.

The hare does not see well before her : if she comes towards you, do not move, she will pass between your legs. A hare chased by my dogs, and wishing to escape from a garden, broke her skull against the fence through which she was about to enter.

I have often seen during a campaign three or four regiments disperse spontaneously, and, forming a large circle, surround an unfortunate hare ; ten thousand men, many shouting, mixed like a swarm of bees at once. The hare being secured, each returning to his ranks, nothing more was seen but the poor hare hanging to a knapsack awaiting the night's bivouac, when the cook of the squadron transformed it into a savoury stew.

At the moment of being put up, the hare starts instantly, goes far, and does not stop until she has placed a considerable distance between herself and her pursuers. Nevertheless, it often occurs that she squats when

passing through a covert. In such case, she makes no form; grass or herbs cover all that is necessary to hide her from your eyes.

The leveret is generally found in the centre of a clover-field, a potato, or a beet-root field, instead of being found on its borders. She has less confidence than the hare in the fleetness of her legs; she fears giving advantage to the dog; and instead of taking a direct course, she hides, stops often, changes her place without quitting the covert, from which she never breaks until the shooter is at the other extremity. From such reasons I conclude a hare should be sought on the borders, a leveret in the centre.

When a fresh form is discovered, or one that has been recently occupied; when the earth has been lightly scratched; when your dog makes false points, it is certain a hare has been there, close to you, and is possibly squatted behind a tuft of grass: walk, look out, listen, but do not speak.

The hare always follows a path, therefore

when your dog enters a wood, a hare is up, and he follows her; place yourself at the spot where several runs cross, and be assured the hare will pass you. This animal makes but one cry in life, and that is when dying. When she finds herself taken by man or a dog, it is the cry of the swan,—a most harmonious song to a sportsman. Having fired in a wood with uncertainty as to the result of your shot, this cry gives you an assurance of success, soon confirmed by the arrival of your dog, who brings the hare in his mouth.

The hare has much cunning: she swims well; followed by hounds, she will even cross a river. I have killed the finest and oldest of hares between the branches of a willow, she being squatted there to deceive the dogs.

Should snow have fallen during the night, hares are very easily found: you may follow their tracks, which lead you to the form. This, however, is only successful on the first day, inasmuch as on the second there is crossing and recrossing, destroying the pos-

sibility of so unsportsmanlike a manœuvre. A hare will frequently cross and recross her own track solely to destroy it ; she will then make a jump of ten paces, and lying closely down, will keep herself concealed.

The snow is a period of destruction and terror to hares : the poachers destroy them in incredible numbers. At the same time a true sportsman is not desirous of snow ; he looks on it as a calamity, inasmuch as after a severe winter he finds, in the following September, an enormous reduction in the number of this game.

After a white frost, or when snow has fallen and the sun shines brightly, an experienced eye will discover afar off a slight smoke issuing from the earth : it is the evaporation from a hare's form ; it is the vapour which is thrown from her body after running ; it is a chimney in miniature. In order to discover this smoke, the sun should shine in your face ; it will otherwise not be observed. In this instance, as in all others, when you know a hare to be on her form, do not walk up to her quietly, with a hope of sur-

prising her, as the hare is always listening, and the more precaution you take, the more surely she will deceive you. On the contrary, you should walk up to her quickly, describing a circle as you approach, which you lessen as you come nearer. You should sing if you be alone, talk loudly if with companions, and have the air of going on your way merrily. The hare believes you unoccupied with her affairs, and remains at home.

On all occasions when you traverse a fallow or a stubble, and that you observe a slight protuberance, you should approach to see if it be not a hare on her form. You may often take many useless steps; you will often be disappointed by a clod of earth: but a sportsman should take little note of his steps or his difficulties. The quail or the partridge should be allowed time on the wing; but at the hare, fire when you can: the moment she is in a straight line with your aim, fire. In shooting at her when near, it gives you time for a second barrel

should you not have been successful with the first.

The Abbé Daries, of whom I have already spoken, was on a shooting party in the Basses Alpes. Arrived at their shooting quarters, a storm commenced, which lasted three days, during which time they were necessitated to remain within a wretched cabaret or road-side inn. At last the sun appeared superb and brilliant ; all were disposed to start, but the Abbé refused to accompany them. "I know you young men," said he ; "should I kill anything, you are very capable of eating it, notwithstanding to-day is Friday. In such case I should be answerable for your sins, and I have quite enough of my own." As the Abbé was the best shot of the party, they listened to what he said, and promised to keep the fast. This decided the question : they started, and commenced shooting. A hare got up under the feet of the Abbé, at which he took aim, but his scruples appeared to return with all force, as he did not

fire. He was heard grinding his teeth, and, still following the hare with his barrels, he exclaimed, "Ah! if it was not Friday! Ah! if it was not Friday!"

A hare which gets up straight before a shooter, and which runs straight from him, should be aimed at from the centre of her back to between the ears: in this manner the shot covers the whole body, and she falls like a cork drawn from a bottle. Should you fire at her rump (I apologise for this expression), you rarely kill her. The rump of a hare is a bag of shot. A sportsman prevents the trick, which every day verifies by experience. In effect, the shot which strike the rump do not count; they remain without diminishing the vigour of the animal. Turned by the flesh, they have not sufficient force to break the bony part; and in such case you lose your hare, save that some shot should break a hind leg, or, passing above the back, strike the head or the remainder of the body.

A hare which crosses you is more readily killed when hit; but not, as some think,

so easily hit. In fact, when she gets up straight before you, you have only a line to follow with your aim ; far or near, the shot always takes effect ; whereas, when crossing, it is necessary the shot should strike exactly at the point that your line of aim is crossed by that followed by the animal. If you hit, it is in the stomach, the heart, or the head ; and the hare is dead. In this manner, a hare you fire at when crossing at fifty paces is as readily killed as a hare going from you, supposing the shots to be equally well aimed.

Should a hare come direct towards you, fire low, at the front legs ; should she return on seeing you, fire high, at her head ; if she crosses you, at the shoulders.

When a hare is on her form in a field, or in an open covert, fire at her when you have started her ; but if in a wood, from the point of your dog ; and if the thickness of the wood or bushes prevent your having a fair sight, fire at what you can see of her sitting. This is termed murdering or smashing a hare. Take aim at the head, because

in such case, as she is probably near you, you destroy any part you hit; and if the head be lost, the inconvenience is of no importance to your cook. And, on the other hand, the head resists, and is more easily pierced; whereas the body, covered with fur, is in such case gifted with a certain elasticity, which not unfrequently prevents the shot from entering. I once shot at a hare on her form within twenty paces, which left on the seat a handful of fur, and the beast still ran.

When the earth is frozen, a hare on her form in a fallow is not easily killed if you fire at twenty-five or thirty paces. Her body well down shows no face, and clods of earth are always at hand for her protection. These clods in ordinary weather would be broken by the shot, which still would hit the hare; but hardened by the frost, and like stones, they resist and turn off the shot, and the hare runs, to be shot at another day.

The hare knows twenty-four hours beforehand the weather that it is likely to be, and

that without the use of a barometer. When starting to shoot, examine always closely the weather. If it rain, or is likely to rain, look for hares in springs, stony places, in those covered with herbs, roots, and generally in dry places out of the wind; above all, if the wind be from the south. If in the north or east, the hare will care for it only on the two first days; on the third she no longer fears it, and takes her form with her nose to the wind. I have made this observation a hundred times.

When it freezes, hares are always to be found in the woods, in coverts, and in hedgerows. Those found in the open are exceptions to the rule. They are often so merely from circumstances, having been disturbed by sportsmen, dogs, or others. In all cases when you have fired at a hare, let your dog follow her: if you see that the hare loses in her distance, you should follow and put your dog on the scent, if he loses it. When you judge further pursuit useless, whistle and recall your dog.

Always pick up your hare dead; kill her

should she still breathe. I have seen them escape even from the jaws of a dog.

In Germany, sport may still be said essentially to belong to the aristocracy; consequently hares are far more numerous than in France. There was a period when all these hares belonged to us by right of conquest. This was the epoch when "glory" was so often made to chime with victory. Plains of Erfurth, of Gotha, of Weimar! your delightful recollections make my heart beat even to this day! What well-filled game-bags have we brought from our excursions! We were young and indefatigable: no sooner arrived at a cantonment, after having marched seven or eight leagues, than we started to shoot, which fatigued us little. What do I say? Why, we sported when performing our duties, and shot while our regiments deployed on the highway their well-trained columns. We marched as sharp-shooters on their flanks, to protect the division from an attack of hares! That was the day of pleasure! The

gamekeepers, the foresters, all these gentlemen allowed us to pass with their hats off.

In days gone by, the right foot of a hare was presented to the king—this on your knee; more, it was a privilege which those who possessed it were not eager to cede to others. During a long period in France, many were termed “Knights of the Hare,” who, not having the title of Knight, were desirous of bearing it. Let me tell you the origin of this title or of this by-name.

Philip of Valois and Edward III., king of England, were about to commence a battle, when a hare getting up in the centre of the French camp, the soldiers, desirous to catch her, caused a great tumult. Some officers of the rear-guard, fearing the King of France was in danger, rode forward to succour him, and for their expedition demanded from him knighthood. “I am compelled to refuse you,” said the King, “because you would be called Knights of the Hare!”

It is essential, when you kill a hare, to

discharge her urine. In order to do this, hold her in your left hand by the ears, and let the thumb of your right hand press the extremity of her belly. Without this precaution, the hare will retain a urinous taste, and will be uneatable.

A hare killed and emptied when warm, cooked and eaten at once, is excellent. In shooting quarters I have often dined on a hare which lived an hour before. If you allow her to become cold and stiff, she is hard; and in such case she must be hung up several days before you deliver her to the experienced hands of your cook.

With a hare two excellent dishes are to be made; the fore-quarters make an excellent ragoût; the remainder goes to the spit: nevertheless it can only be so eaten at home. In all other cases, let her be roasted entire in her length, and not larded, as certain idle cooks have the detestable habit of doing. I engage those of taste to give three orders;—that she should be sufficiently done to be tender; not too much done, or she will be worth nothing; in fact, done to a

turn. A hare overdone is no longer a hare ; she is wood—horn ; she is flesh without taste or flavour, not worth the shot that killed her.

In order to ascertain if the hare be old or young (an essential thing to a cook), you should bend the paws of the fore legs to the knee. If the separation of the two bones is perceptible to the touch, she is young. A good hare is plump ; her back is strong, large, and broad, but she is never fat.

The mountain hare is far better than those found in the low grounds ; she feeds on herbs and wild thyme, and her flesh is perfumed with a charming flavour. Generally speaking, the drier the earth the better the hare. In Provence they are delicious, but rare. It is an event to kill one in that part of France ; all are jealous of such luck.

I could never understand why Moses forbade the Jews, and Mahomet the Moors, to eat hares. Pork I can understand : in warm climates the flesh is unwholesome ; but the hare is always good. The Greeks and Romans served her on their tables only on

great occasions ; and they have vaunted her efficacy in certain circumstances which I must decline entering into. Yet, while on this subject, Pliny tells us an old proverb of his time — “ When you eat hare, you are handsome for seven days following.” Seven days ! this is not bad. Martial says, “ *Inter quadrupedes gloria prima lepus.*” The Romans were persuaded that the flesh of a hare preserved freshness and beauty. Ladies, then, eat hares ; and, according to the precepts of Pliny, make your husbands eat them also. The Emperor Alexander ate hare at every meal. Among the Greeks it was the emblem of fear, and never was emblem better judged. According to their custom of deifying, they placed a hare in the rank of constellations. In fact, to say one word in apology for the hare, I will add that Lucullus estimated it infinitely. Lucullus—do you understand the immense authority of this name in practical gastronomy ? It is to be regretted that history has not preserved to us the receipt of the sauce served to this gentleman. The most

material points are ever precisely those which historians neglect. As, however, we have not the receipt adopted by Lucullus, permit me to give you that I use myself. Heretofore I ate hare *à la sauce piquante*. Since, however, I have done so with simple currant jelly, I have continued so to do without demanding the originator of this taste, and I recommend the same to all.

I will conclude this chapter by giving you a brief account of the finest hare-chase which exists in the memory of man. We were four hundred thousand men, French and Austrians. The above took place at a certain village named Wagram, a few leagues from Vienna. The plain was covered with hares ; at every ten paces many got up before us. Our guns and cannons caused them much fright ; they started, in the hopes of saving themselves ; but at a short distance they met with two hundred thousand Austrians, afterwards beaten, little to their satisfaction. Then they returned ; and you might see them running in troops between the two armies. A charge of

cavalry, in no manner made on their account, put them to the route; they pierced the ranks, passed between our legs: they were killed by the bayonet or the sword, or taken alive. Alas! that day we beheld a butchery of men and hares! A hare killed caused a comrade to be forgotten; it was the farce to the tragedy. How many balls intended for the enemy were fired at these poor hares! Never were so many seen, never were so many killed. That night, after the battle, conquerors and conquered supped together on hashed hare.

THE PARTRIDGE.

“ De la perdrix entendre faut,
Qu'elle est lubrique grandement,
Et concert naturellement ;
Par l'aleine du masle chaud
La perdrix dénote une femme,
Mondaine, lubrique, et charnelle,
Qui, au détriment de son âme,
Attire les paillards à elle.”—*La Sire de Gargas.*

PARTRIDGES couple in the month of March ; they lay in the month of May, at times in the end of April : about the 28th of June they fly : this is a fact which is proved yearly by experience. The moment the young are hatched, the cock and hen birds move in a body, which is termed a covey.

Unfortunately partridges make their nests in clover, grass, and sainfoin, often preferring the grass, because it grows more rapidly, and offers them shelter ; but the mower arrives before the young are hatched and thus the covey is lost. Alas ! why ha-

not these interesting birds sufficient foresight to make their nest in the wheat-fields! Their eggs would not then be destroyed by the scythe, and we should have the pleasure of killing many another brace.

Some preservers purchase the eggs thus found, and place them under hens, and the moment the young are sufficiently forward to provide for themselves they are turned out in the wheat-fields. They start them by dozens in places where there are other coveys, and the new comers are soon admitted to the nursery of a new mother, who is vain of her augmented family.

Partridges, whose eggs have been taken by the mowers, sometimes make another nest with success, and which are termed relayers, but the young seldom become full grown. The month of September arrives before they are sufficiently strong to help themselves: the dogs catch them; and bad shots, who are incapable of killing a vigorous bird, blush not to destroy these unfledged ones! The wretches! They truly commit crime, and can only be compared to a

coward soldier, who, in a town taken by assault, tears the child from its mother's breast in order to blood his sword, and give himself the air of a brave man. "I have cut off the arm of an Austrian at the battle of Wagram," said a recruit. "It would have been better to have cut off his head," said I. "Without doubt," said he; "but that was already done!"

All animals have much affection for their young; that of the partridge is in the extreme. Without ceasing she is on the watch; she listens, looks about her, and calls her brood, covers them with her wings, or flies away with them. But should they not be sufficiently strong to take wing, it is then her motherly instinct finds a method sublime. La Fontaine has, however, so well described it, that it will be useless for me to do so after him:—

" Quand la perdrix
Vois ses petits

En danger, et n'ayant qu'une plume nouvelle,
Qui ne peut fuir encore par les airs le trépas,
Elle fait la blessée, et va trainant de l'aile,
Attirant le chasseur et le chien sur ses pas;

Détourne le danger, sauve ainsi sa famille :
Et puis quand le chasseur croit que son chien la pille,
Elle lui dit adieu, prend sa volée, et rit
De l'homme qui confus des yeux en vain la suit."

I have frequently seen this interesting family portrait; each year I have a similar pleasure; I have ever respected the mother and her young, and I should most truly despise the sportsman who without pity would kill a partridge under such circumstances. When the spring is wet, whole coveys are often destroyed; the water covers the nests, the eggs become wet, and the young die before they see the light.

" Ut flos ante diem flebilis occidit."

Hail and storms destroy many, notwithstanding the protecting wing of the mother. How many enemies, then, has the partridge of whom to avoid both the influence and the pursuit! In the first rank we must place the magpie. The magpie is the bird which destroys most other birds; his piercing eye discovers their nests in the midst of a hedge, in trees, and among the

grass; he eats everything he finds, eggs and young; and then, when the partridge, either from luck or cunning, has escaped so many dangers, man arrives armed with a gun, preceded by his dog, and followed by the fatal turnspit.

Partridge-shooting commences only when the young have attained size, have quitted their first feathers, and are moulted. The same as in man, the right of man is understood by the law of honour, which all generals respect; so in sporting, certain rules exist which should ever be held sacred by a conscientious sportsman. To kill an over-young bird is to cut your crops green; it deprives you of a future pleasure if you commit a sporting crime: add to this, that it is useless, without taste, without flavour; it is thrown away, and becomes the portion of the cat. Still further, it causes you to be ridiculed, which is never pleasant, inasmuch as, having returned from a day's sport, when each with pride displays the fruits of his success, jokes and squibs fall on the head of the bungler and the murderer, and during

dinner it serves as an addition to all the sarcasms of the merry circle. In addition to this, a very young bird does not count as a dead head. In the severe inspection which each makes on his neighbour's game-bag, if it be a question of the best shot, a half-grown partridge, a leveret, and a young rabbit, count for nothing. It is necessary to have game of good alloy, skin or feather; it should, at least, be in youth, but not in infancy. Its wings or its legs should discover this point. In this mutual control, essentially moral, the aim is to punish bad actions, and it is the best means to prevent their committal.

The red-legged partridge is far more difficult to shoot than the grey, because, instead of following a horizontal line, they mount in the air at an angle of seventy or eighty degrees. As this bird rises almost always on being fired at, it is necessary, in order to touch it, that it should be aimed at on the point of intersection of two lines. Add to which it flies faster, makes more noise, and surprises you the more. The

sportsman who fires at a red-legged partridge for the first time often misses it. This partridge is a noble and beautiful bird.

When shooting one day near Chenevières-sur-Marne, I killed four red-legged partridges, which I presented to Madame P. at Nogent. Some days after, many jokes were passed on the subject, pretending I had purchased them in the market. These conjectures were grounded on the fact that they had all a green riband on the right leg, an ornament which partridges are not in the habit of attaching to the legs of their young. I knew not what to answer, as I had not seen the ribands in question. The following day I returned to the wood; a red-legged partridge got up and was killed. I examined it, and I found a green riband. I followed my sport: a double shot; a brace killed; two green ribands. I soon ascertained that the daughter of an illustrious field-marshal had nursed these interesting birds, and that she had thus marked them with the hope of finding them again: nevertheless we ate them: *sic vos non vobis*.

This recalls to my memory another anecdote. We were in Poland, encamped near the little town of Sochacew, about sixteen leagues from Varsovie. We were told that in a neighbouring forest there was an abundance of wolves, and all the sportsmen of the regiment started one fine morning for a wolf-chase. The dogs were thrown in: I placed myself; a wolf appeared within twenty paces; I killed her. *Hélas!* all the sportsmen ran to see; the wolf was a superb one, but she had only three paws; one of her front ones was wanting. "She lost the other at the battle of Eglau," said an old trooper. Another wolf was killed; we looked: she was similar to the first: her leg was cut off; the skin had grown over the wound; one might have believed her to have been so born. A third—a fourth, fell to our shots, and our astonishment doubled on each occasion; they had only three legs, and that wanting was invariably a fore leg. A wit of the regiment desired to prove to us that in Poland wolves were so born. Some began to wonder and be-

lieve, inasmuch as they could scarcely credit that four wolves should be all wounded in exactly the same manner. I wished to have my heart at ease on this point, and also to know the reason of so curious a fact. I, therefore, directed my steps towards the habitation of the forester, about two leagues from the place where we were shooting, and this was his answer: "The skins of our wolves are very valuable as a merchandise. In the spring we endeavour to discover the place where the female has deposited her whelps, and we cut off the fore leg of all the young females: the mother licks the wound, which soon heals. When the time of rutting commences, they draw from the neighbouring forests all the male wolves, as with three legs they wander less and remain at home, and thus we are plentifully supplied." This explanation appeared to me to be very satisfactory, and I astonished our naturalist when I proved to him that in Poland wolves, wishing to remain in the class of quadruped, had the excellent habit of being born with four legs as elsewhere.

Speaking of wolves when on the subject of partridges, I must admit, is rather an absurd digression, for which I ask pardon of my readers, though without promising not to fall into the same scrape should any similar sporting anecdote occur to me.

By nature the red-legged partridge is wilder than the common partridge. It is usually found in woods, on mountains, and among rocks, but is rarely met with in the fields. The sport of the former is incessantly varied; one mounts in the air, another plunges down a precipice: it is rarely two are shot in the same manner. In rapidity of flight no other game can bear comparison. It requires a good shot to kill a red-legged partridge under any circumstances. At times, from the moment it gets up till it falls, three seconds are allowed; not too much, you will admit. Advantages are, however, often found: these birds do not always rise together: the first gives warning, and you have time to aim well at its followers. Not rising together, they disperse more readily, and on meeting

with them a third time, you are almost always sure to obtain a shot. They run faster than the common partridge, but a good and well-trained dog, who follows through bushes, &c., ends by finding them down when he stands to the point, and you may approach without causing them to move, even be you a thousand paces distant.

Red-legged partridges change frequently their ground: you may meet with them on spots where you have never previously found them. When they are not where you expect them, it does not follow that they have been killed: they have departed; the spot has displeased them, that is all. In the neighbourhood of Paris these birds are not in their natural climate; and if exotic herbs are not to be found, for on these they exist, they would die. But they do better, they go elsewhere.

A sportsman who can readily kill a rabbit or a red-legged partridge is generally a bad shot at the common partridge, the hare, and the quail. He is in too great a hurry, and for this reason good shots in

the covert frequently miss in the field. Covert and open-shooting differ materially, and an equal success is rarely obtained: nevertheless some are equally adroit and fortunate in all things; but these are of Nature's privileged class.

The common partridge may be found everywhere save in large woods. They are easily approached in woody spots, and where covert is found, such as hedge-rows, bushes, potato-fields, and clover. They sometimes run before the dog, who stops, points, moves again; makes another false point, then continues his beat. In such case I follow this method, which I suggest to amateurs. Should you follow your dog, the birds, which each moment improve their distance, rise beyond shot. You should walk then before your dog, causing him to remain behind you. Hasten your steps with as little noise as possible, and when you arrive at the end of the field, give a shout, and the covey will rise.

When a covey is found in the centre of a stubble or fallow, it is rare to approach

them; they have their videttes to apprise the battalion, and are off at once. You should surround them, or rather walk round them, without approaching too near. The birds will run into some place for cover: leave them to settle for a minute, then take the wind, and walk direct towards them.

Partridges are very fearful of man, though you may easily come near them with a horse or in a cart; but it is necessary to do so by a zig-zag path, as though you were besieging a town.

In France a third species of partridge is found, but these are only in the south. It is similar to the red-legged partridge, but larger. When this bird sings, it continues its song for some time, and always in the same note; and for this reason it is called the "Bartarrelle," which signifies the songster of the mill. This bird has the same habits as the red-legged partridge, though probably still wilder. You require good legs and wind to follow it, as it is found always in wooded, mountainous, and rocky

places, and is ever moving from one spot to another. It follows a straight line, but the sportsman requires to mount and descend again and again; in fact, it is a kind of deer-stalking. In the countries where these birds are found it is the custom for several sportsmen to divide, each placing himself on a mountain-side, and in such manner a shot may be obtained by some of the party.

I have even heard of a fourth species of partridge, smaller than the others, and which is said to be a bird of passage. But I do not know such to be the case, neither have I seen one. At the commencement of the season I have carefully acquainted myself with all the partridges under my command, and have been well satisfied as to the strength of the coveys, but I have never discovered that any such birds of passage have augmented them. At times I have certainly discovered less birds, but never more.

The partridge, which in the months of

December and January is very wild, and flies afar when followed by dog or man, becomes tame in February : this is because the breeding time arrives, and the coveys are broken up. Should frost arrive, they again unite, to separate on the first appearance of fine days. Amongst partridges there are always more males than females; and those which are not coupled always make war against the fortunate husbands—not a rare case among our own sex. At times a hen bird is pursued by four or five male birds, who never give her rest, not even when she is sitting. It would be well in the month of March to make war against the cock birds. At the break of day, you should start with a hen bird in a cage, and when she calls, you will soon see several male birds arrive. You kill one, and the others are off, but shortly they will return and be killed also. To obtain their wishes they would pass through a brasier. A decoy-bird calls ordinarily only in the twilight. I know a keeper who has used a starling to attract

the cocks. This bird, caught young, was brought up among partridges; never had it listened to the paternal song. Like a parrot, it is a good imitator; it repeats that which it has most frequently heard, and repeats it so well that the cocks themselves are deceived. In this manner your sport may last all day. I have even known sportsmen who could themselves imitate perfectly the song of the hen bird when calling to the male. It is a rare talent, but nevertheless a fact.

Partridge-shooting, when the pairing season commences, should be followed in open day; they will hold to the point as in the month of September. The female bird rises first, then the cock, and you shoot the latter only. Very soon will the lady find a fresh husband. It is, however, only during the months of February or in March, and during the breeding season, that the cock rises last. When the month of April comes, the scene is changed; the cock has no longer desire, and he flies at the slightest noise. This may be termed the "coquet-

ting" of partridge-shooting. It is, however, a sport which should be very soberly followed. Kill here and there a male bird, and then look forward for the return of the first of September.

Partridge-shooting offers an unceasing variety. The easiest is when the bird flies parallel to the horizon. In such case you have only one thing to recollect; it is to aim straight at the centre of the body, and whether you fire a little too soon or a little too late your bird will fall: if it flies straight, the shot cannot fail to strike it. But if the bird rises, you may readily conceive it is not easily killed without the line of fire cut that of the flight at the precise point of the bird. The shooter should follow it with his aim, and not cover it too much, but rather to the contrary. It is better to fire too high, because the tendency of the bird to rise may throw it exactly in your fire. Should the partridge plunge down the side of a mountain or gravel pit, aim at the legs, and the shot will strike the centre of the body. Should it come straight

towards you, and your gun is on a level with it, aim at the head. Should its flight be on the rise, aim a few inches before the head. If it flies very rapidly, and is aided by the wind, aim two feet before the head. The time which elapses between the shot fired and striking is brief, but that occupied in passing two feet by a bird on the wing of fear is not long. Should the bird describe around you a spiral line in rising, you must turn with it without changing your place. Do not be in a hurry; aim well at the body, and don't pull the trigger till you are well assured of hitting your bird. In such a case a second shot is rarely successful. They call the shot of a king that which a sportsman fires over his head in a vertical position.

He should aim at the head, or six inches before it, or more, according to the height of the bird. To succeed you should not be on the move. Such a shot is far more difficult when taken by surprise; no time is allowed to prepare the legs or arms.

When your shot is fired and the bird

falls, it is either dead or wounded. Then cause your dog immediately to seek it. Should the partridge rise suddenly in the air, it is mortally wounded either in the head or heart. Follow it with your eye, it will rise, rise higher, pirouette, then fall like a stone. This frequently takes place at some distance from the shooter. He ought, from the moment the bird comes to the earth, not to lose sight of it. You should well observe some intermediate points exactly in the direction, such as a tuft of grass, a clod, a stone, and thus assure your mind as to the place where the bird will be found, saying to yourself, "Not farther than that tree, not nearer than that bush." Then walk on and seek. Previous to quitting the straight line, in order to search on the right or left for your bird, mark well the spot you have quitted in order that you may be enabled to return to it, having not been successful. Notwithstanding all these precautions, I have lost many birds in this manner. In the centre of cultivated ground it is difficult to judge your distance. When

the weather is hot, your dog has no nose. Add to which it requires so small a place to hide a partridge.

The male of the red-legged partridge is known by certain small protuberances which appear on each foot ; that of the common partridge by the chocolate-coloured horse-shoe on the breast. The first of October passed, partridges are full-grown. A sportsman should be easily able to distinguish a young from an old bird. The one should be roasted, the other committed to the stew-pan. Cooks often are deceived, yet all men of taste know the worthlessness of an old partridge roasted. When emptying your game-bag they should be divided ; the individuals destined to the spit, and those intended for a *purée*, or stewed in cabbage, and who figure in the first course, should be pointed out to them. The experienced sportsman well knows a young from an old bird. In the former, the last feather of the wing, which terminates in a point, instead of being rounded, is the colour of the feet, namely yellow ; whereas that of

the old bird is much darker. And with regard to the red-legged partridge, the young bird differs from the old, inasmuch as the second feather of the wing is transparent at the extremity. If you look at it in the light you will see an opening appear in two distinct lines.

A sportsman would always prefer a red-legged partridge to the common bird. It is a much finer bird, more difficult to kill, larger, and fills your game-bag sooner. But a gourmand ought to prefer the common partridge. Many may think this a heresy gastronomic, having always heard to the contrary; and having believed it, it is painful to get over a long-rooted opinion. I am well aware that in the market the red-legged bird sells at a higher price than the common one, and that the *restaurante* values it at fifty to a hundred per cent higher; but all this proves nothing. I have made the experiment twenty times at my own table. The two birds have been served together. Some distinguished friends carefully tested their separate merits, and the common bird

has invariably received an honourable verdict in its favour, as possessing more flavour, juice, and taste. Try yourself; forget your ancient prejudices. "What beautiful feet! what beautiful plumage!" will go for nothing in the judgment you will pronounce. These things are not eaten.

Partridges are said not to be easily digested. It has also other inconveniences. You shall see:—

"Nimirum crudam si ad læta cubilia portas
Perdicem, incoctaque agitas genetalia coena,
Heu! tunc effundis semen, nec idonea pulchrum
Materies fundabit opus. Siste ergo per horas
Saltem aliquot," &c.

Certain gourmands pretend that they are enabled to distinguish from taste the thigh on which the partridge sleeps, and say it eats better and that it has more flavour. I have often seriously endeavoured to make this trial, but I have never been enabled to discover any difference. I, therefore, conclude there is some fault in my digestive organs, which have not all the sensitiveness

they ought to have. It is a most delicious dish a well-roasted partridge; but it is necessary that the nice leaf which well incloses his plump body should not permit the escape of any of its juicy flavour.

I am well aware that Doctor Pedro Recio de Agguero did not permit Sancho Panza to eat partridge, founding his orders on the aphorism of Hippocrates,—

"Omnis saturatio mala, perdix autem pessima;"

yet as the doctor refused other delicacies at the same time, such as tarts and sweets, we shall pay little attention to his authority, and less to that of Hippocrates. We shall eat many partridges, and wash them down with Burgundy, leaving the digestion to take care of itself.

To distinguish a gourmand it is commonly said that he does not like partridges without oranges. This proverb alone will prove that oranges are necessary to be eaten with partridges, if the experience of every day had not proved this great truth beyond all

contradiction. A lemon may be used ; I have known those who, unable to obtain better, have permitted it : yet, when possible, never forget a sour orange.

A travelling painter had been retained at a convent to take the portrait of its patron saint. His work being finished, all admired it. They placed it with pomp over the altar, with the following inscription in letters of gold :—" Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam." The painter was thanked, overpowered with praises, and very badly paid. The evening previous to his departure from the convent, wishing to revenge himself on the monks, he got up during the night, rubbed out the portrait, and set to work. With a few strokes of the brush he altered the figure, previously represented in prayer, as sitting on a sofa. Before him was a well-covered table, on which, under his nose, was placed a roast partridge, the steaming odour of which promised to the happy expectant positive joy ; and in the hands, previously pressed in the attitude of devotion, he placed

a fine orange, from which the saint appeared to squeeze the juice with much satisfaction.

The following day the monks found their picture still over the altar, the motto was unaltered ; you might still read, " Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam."

THE PHEASANT.

THIS bird is the king of game. At its name the eyes of a sportsman sparkle; his heart beats: listen to him; if he relate to you his exploits in the field, the word pheasant is never named with indifference. He speaks of partridges, hares, rabbits, with carelessness; but when he comes to this noble bird, his mouth is full, and he speaks of it with respect.

The lucky possessors of property in the shape of coverts, woods, &c., are rarely without pheasants. The great consolation to those who cannot afford to preserve them is, that they are by nature rovers—a property, however large, not having sufficient range for them: they ever desire to visit their neighbours. Having then a friendly preserve at hand, it is as well to plant a small covert in the immediate neighbourhood, or sow an acre of buck-wheat. Providence is

generous : it there conducts these noble animals, and you share your neighbour's pheasants, leaving to him the expense and trouble of preserving them. In foggy weather, the pheasant, when returning from feeding, wanders far, and not unfrequently loses his intended direction. Possessing, therefore, a covert near to a neighbouring preserve, it is as well to visit it during such weather, and rarely will you be disappointed.

The pheasant nourishes itself in the same manner as the partridge, and rears its young almost in a similar manner, but requires much care. They are generally found in low and damp places, in high grass, on the borders of marshes, and in the thickest parts of hedge-rows. This bird squats at times like a rabbit, and fancies itself in security when its head is hidden : it may then be killed with a stick.

The pheasant often runs far before the dog without rising, and at times he will not rise at all. This takes place when the wood is extensive, and the green or under-covert is high. Making a thousand turns, retracing

his steps, he thus deceives the dog, which, getting on several fresh scents, is confounded, put out, and not able to recover himself. I have thus gone over an immense distance after a pheasant. You must follow your dog close, and be prepared for all chances.

A pheasant will also hold to the point without, steadily, and not run. This takes place when it is surprised. A sportsman, having no dog, may pass near to a dozen without seeing or causing one to rise. Should your dog come to the point in a very thick covert, and you see no chance of killing your bird should it rise, kill it on the run. Recollect, however, I give this permission to those who meet with a pheasant by chance : with reference to those who have preserves it is quite another question : to them occasions will not be wanting to fill their bags. In looking out for the pheasants which lie close, with their heads hidden, it is not difficult to discover the long tail. In such cases aim well at the spot which you suppose to be the body, and, if too near, retire a little, otherwise you destroy the bird.

It is a rare thing for an inexperienced sportsman to kill the first pheasant he fires at on the wing. No game causes so much emotion. The noise which he makes when rising, the desire one has of hitting so noble a bird, causes an indescribable sensation ; consequently, too much haste is made, and the shot is missed. As regards myself, I admit with shame that the first pheasant which I beheld I fired at twice from the point of my dog, and missed it with four barrels. Latterly, it is true, I have had my revenge ; and now those which pass within fair distance seldom have an opportunity of relating the result of our interview to their companions. A pheasant should not be fired at when it rises in the air, but when it flies from you ; that is to say, at the moment when, ceasing to ascend, it takes a horizontal direction ; and in all cases never aim at the tail. If it rise in a thick wood, fire when you can, inasmuch as, when it flies direct and low, a sight may soon be lost ; but aim at the head ; the ascending movement of the bird will throw it into your charge.

The pheasant flies heavily when first on the wing, yet when in direct flight it goes rapidly. Should it come towards or cross you, shoot at it as at a partridge. Separating by a thought the body from the tail, aim rather before than behind: the tail saves many a pheasant: it is a pleasing object to the inexperienced, but the shot which hit it count for nothing. This long tail is not in a straight line with the animal: his weight causes him to take almost a vertical position, in a manner that all the shot which pass or cross it fall below it. A shot fired in the tail leaves many feathers in the air: you believe the bird to be wounded,—no such thing: like the fox in the fable, he loses his brush in the battle, and is none the worse.

Coolness is required in pheasant-shooting; in the first place, because his noise in rising is startling, which always upsets the uninitiated; and secondly, as many do not desire their hens to be shot, you must satisfy yourself before pulling the trigger.

A wounded pheasant will often run far, and is more difficult to recover than a part-

ridge. Allow your dog to do his duty, and, above all, do not fire again should other game rise near you. On such an occasion, I was unwise enough to fire at a rabbit. My dog ran after it, and could never recover his lost scent: thus I missed my rabbit, and lost my pheasant also.

We are told that a pheasant, when killed by a bird of prey, is far better than one killed in any other manner: this may be the case, but I never had the advantage of practically proving the result.

This superb bird, when placed in your larder, should never be abandoned without reflection to the capricious arrangements of a cook, who will roast it two days too soon, or two too late, according to the number or quality of your guests. The pheasant should be roasted on the day it should be eaten: if your friends are there, so much the better for them.

Some people hang them up by the legs, and when from the bird two or three drops of blood are seen to fall, then it is fit for those who do not like it somewhat high. Others

hang them up by the tail, and when the pheasant falls they judge it worthy a place on their tables. Others, again, more difficult to please, believe that in order to eat a good pheasant he should be kept until he change his position without aid. These must permit me not to be of their opinion.

If the pheasant be a splendid bird to shoot, if it be an ornament to your game-bag, it is nevertheless an equally superb decoration to your table in the second course.

We are no longer in the time of the Emperor Heliogabalus, who, from ostentation or stupid prodigality, fed the lions of his menagerie with pheasants. When I kill one of these fine birds I eat it myself. A pheasant should not be eaten as other things are eaten; it requires a certain solemnity: neither is it without consideration that a subject of such importance should be treated: it should be delicately treated. Being, therefore, incapable to go into the depths of the subject, I shall borrow a page or two from a clever author on *The Physiology of Taste*.

“The pheasant is an enigma of which the

name is only revealed to adepts; they alone know how to relish it in all its goodness. This bird, when it is eaten within the three days subsequent to its death, has nothing to distinguish it. It is neither so delicate as a spring chicken, nor has it so much flavour as a quail: but cooked at the proper time its flesh is tender, sublime; its high flavour combining that of poultry and of venison. The time so desirable to select is that when the bird commences decomposition: it is then the flavour develops itself, and is mixed with an oil which requires a little fermentation to exalt it, as the cup of coffee which is only obtained by torrefaction. This moment is made known to the uninitiated by a slight odour and by the change of colour in the breast of the bird; but the inspired derive it by instinct. A clever cook decides with the glance of an eye the moment when the bird should be taken from the spit, or allowed a few turns more.

“When the pheasant is perfectly fit, pluck it, not sooner; then lard it with great care, selecting the primest and freshest bacon.

It is by no means an indifferent question that of plucking a pheasant at the proper time. Experience has proved that those which are kept in their feathers are more perfumed and of better flavour than those which have been kept plucked, inasmuch as the air neutralises a portion of the flavour, or that the juice intended to nourish the plumage dries up and injures the flesh. Your bird being plucked, it should be stuffed in the following manner:—Take two woodcocks, and divide the flesh into one portion, the trail and liver into another. With the meat you make a stuffing, by hashing and mixing it with some beef marrow, a small quantity of scraped bacon, pepper, salt, and herbs; add truffles sufficient to fill up the remaining portion of the inside of the pheasant. Be careful to secure that stuffing so that none of it escape, which is difficult when the bird has been kept long. Nevertheless, there are several ways of obtaining this point, and, among others, that of placing a crust of bread over the orifice and attaching it with a thread. Prepare a slice of bread an inch thick, on which the bird rests in its

length. Then take the trail and livers of the woodcocks, and mix them with truffles, an anchovy, some grated bacon, and a morsel of fresh butter : cover the bird with this paste, so that it shall be soaked through with the juice which melts while roasting. When the pheasant is done, serve it on the toast, surrounded with slices of orange, and be satisfied as to the event."

This delicious meat should in preference be washed down with some of the finest Burgundy, which I have fully decided after some experience. A pheasant thus cooked is food for angels. Already distinguished by its own flavour, it imbibes throughout the savoury and delicious odour which escapes from the woodcock and truffles. The toast, rich in itself, is impregnated in threefold combination by the juices which run through the bird when cooking ; and thus, among all these good things, not an atom escapes its full appreciation : indeed such a dish is fit for the table of kings.

Animals feed, man eats ; but the man of mind alone knows how to eat.

THE WOODCOCK.

*"Cum nemus omne suo viridi spoliatur honore,
Præda est facilis et amena scalopax."*—NEMISIANUS.

THERE are several species or variety of the woodcock: as, however, they have all the same habits, are found in the same localities, and nearly at the same period, we may class them under one head.

This bird of passage inhabits high grounds, and there rears its young. Towards the month of October it descends to the woods, preferring those in which pools of stagnant water, ponds, and marshy ground, are found. The east and north-east winds are those which bring most woodcocks; above all when accompanied by fogs. Woodcocks are found in spots where a collection of dead leaves has produced a sort of mould. It looks out for these as its pasturage, and then makes its toilet on the borders of a pool, in which it washes its beak and feet. The woodcock

does not make long flights, like the duck or the swallow : changing its climate without changing its country, quitting high mountains for woods, and woods for mountain tops, it goes over in a vertical sense the space which the others pass horizontally.

Woodcocks may be shot to a pointer, although not always seen in a wood. Some attach a small bell to his collar : when it is no longer heard, direct your steps whence the sound proceeded, and you will find your dog immoveable before the bird. The woodcock remains well to the point, and gets up under the feet of the shooter : the only difficulty which presents itself to the success of your shot is, that it rises in the wood where a thousand branches hide it from your sight. A short gun is very convenient when shooting woodcocks.

The flight of the woodcock is heavy and startling : it plunges behind bushes in order to hide itself, its wings and body offering a large surface to the shot of the sportsman. In elevated woods and among branches, fire when you can ; in open coverts, allow him

to make his first plunge before you pull the trigger. After having fired, should your dog return with an empty mouth, be not disappointed: walk to the spot where the bird may have fallen. Dogs have generally a great repugnance to carry a woodcock: they would die of hunger with a roasted woodcock at hand without touching it with their teeth. A woodcock, hit or missed, should always be followed to the spot where it has dropped. It is readily put up again. If you amuse yourself by seeking others, you will quit a certainty for an uncertainty. The woodcock has bad sight, particularly during the day: it certainly sees better during the twilight than in broad day, and doubtless for this reason in Spain is termed *gallina ciega*,—blind fowl.

Woodcocks may be shot to a terrier, though such dog does not come within the scope of this book. Nevertheless we will say, in passing, this sport is very agreeable and advantageous. These dogs give tongue when the bird rises, and the shooter is thus on the alert.

When shooting in a wood, great precaution should be observed in keeping the line with your companions, otherwise most serious accidents may occur should any one advance too much. A word should be occasionally passed along the line to see that all are in their places. Walk always in a wood with your gun elevated: if it be horizontal, a branch may touch the trigger, and you may kill a poor woman who is collecting the dead wood; the wood-cutter may become a victim to your imprudence. As a general rule, in a wood never fire the height of a man without seeing clear before you the spot where your shot will strike. How many have missed a hare, and killed a poor devil sleeping behind a hedge! It would be better to lose a shot—what say I?—a thousand shots, sooner than fire at hazard in a wood. By neglecting this precaution many a sportsman has had cause to remember it during life. Covert-shooting requires great coolness and much experience, and I would not advise it for beginners. Practice and thought are required before you undertake it. If you

cannot see a bird get up with coolness; if you fire both barrels by chance and without aim, never go into a wood; and, more, be careful of the labourer in the fields, the shepherd, the cows and the horses. As regards the animals, you may get off by paying, but the labourer and the shepherd will be another affair: we are not in Russia, where a man may kill his servant if he pay a fair price. Woodcocks may be well shot in a *battue*; but many beaters are required, in order that they may be near together. They should have long sticks in their hands to beat well all the bushes, tufts of grass, &c., and the addition of a few terriers would add to the chance of success. The woodcock rises under the feet of man. Having been disturbed and realighted, it will run; but the first time it remains close, and if you have no dog, you may pass it ten times without seeing it. After a *battue* each sportsman has marked the spot where a missed woodcock or one not shot at has alighted; they go immediately to the spot, and if the wood is practicable with a pointer, giving the

beaters time for repose. When shooting in a wood which is not very extensive, it would be as well to have a marker : place him in one of the highest trees, and let him carefully look for the woodcock alighting. If I prohibit an unlimited destruction of hares and partridges, I withdraw my veto as regards birds of passage. Interdicting to you, as regards the first, means certain to destroy them ; nevertheless I secure your satisfaction : but as regards woodcocks, snipes, wild ducks, plovers, &c., all means are good. Those at hand to-day are gone to-morrow ; others will kill them if you do not : kill them if you can yourself. The gourmand who dines at a *table d'hôte* eats as much as he can, knowing he will be charged no more than others.

You have woodcocks in your woods, which are too thick readily to fire in. Start either in the morning or afternoon, and place yourself before twilight near the pools they frequent ; you will readily perceive the prints of their feet on the moist earth : their droppings white, and without smell. Select the tracks

which they follow to approach the water and return to the wood. During the winter they arrive one after another: in the month of March they come in pairs. Place yourself for choice at the end of an avenue or path elevated, from which you can discover all before you. Stand near or behind a bush, never under a tree, the branches of which may prevent your firing. For such sport it is necessary to be all eyes; and, above all, be prompt to fire, as the woodcock passes rapidly, and always at the moment when twilight commences or ends.

Woodcocks are found all over the world; in the ancient Continent as in the new; in Siberia as in Senegal. It is an excellent bird when plump, and always best during frost. They should never be drawn. By pounding woodcocks in a mortar a most delicious *purée* is made, and if on such *purée* you place the wings of partridges *piquées*, the happiest culinary result is obtained. The woodcock should not be eaten too fresh, otherwise its flavour will not be sufficiently developed: you will have meat without

taste or delicacy: cooked as a *salmis*, its perfume mixes charmingly with that of truffles. Roasted with a breastplate of bacon, it should be watched over by the eye of a sportsman: a woodcock too much done is worthless; but a woodcock done to a turn, and placed on a toast black and unctuous from the trail, is a most delicate and delicious morsel, the most savory which a man can eat; and if he take the precaution to wash it down with some first-rate Burgundy, he may flatter himself that he has dined well.

The President of the tribunal of Avignon had dined with the Préfet. In the double quality of a distinguished gourmand and of an intrepid sportsman, he officiated always with a good conscience. Having taken his coffee to facilitate digestion, and arrived at his third little glass of cognac to qualify the passage of the coffee, his host accosted him as to whether he had dined well?—"Why, yes," he replied. This answer appeared to be accompanied by restrictions. "Eh, no! I have dined well enough." "Well enough

signifies nothing."—"Yes, yes, I have dined very well." "I can understand you, my friend; you regret those fine woodcocks which left the table uncut."—"Why, yes, I could have eaten my share." "Wait a moment, and they shall be served for you."—"After the coffee? after the liqueur? it is impossible." "Nothing is impossible to a stomach like yours."

The order was given—a small table laid in the adjoining room—the woodcocks were served, and the happy President ate them.

This respectable magistrate said one day, "We have just been eating a superb turkey: it was excellent, stuffed with truffles to the neck, tender, delicate, and of high flavour; we left only the bones." "How many of you were there?" said I.—"Two," he replied. "Two?"—"Yes, the turkey and myself."

An original said to me one day: "See how admirable is Providence: it has caused all the rivers to run by large towns." We ought to be thankful to that same Provi-

dence, as doubtless it is for us that voyaging instinct has been given to certain birds. Each successive year quails are sent to us to be roasted, or served *en papillotes*, the only good way of eating them. Some serve them *en salmis* and in patties; but this is a great mistake: indeed it is an act of the greatest ignorance. The perfume of the quail easily evaporates: the moment it is put in any liquid whatsoever, the flavour no longer exists: you have still a delicate meat, but insipid and tasteless, and no longer a quail.

Nevertheless there are circumstances when you may permit yourself to eat a boiled quail: it is when on a shooting party you find yourself in some isolated or village inn, where no means to practise the culinary art are found. It is doubtless very good, but that does not satisfy a correct appetite. You have neither time nor patience to roast your birds, and have not all the necessary additions at hand. Then pluck and draw your quails, and suspend them by a string over the boiling pot; allow them to

remain five or six minutes, and serve them hot. You will find them passable, and it is perhaps a dish that requires the least time. But this is only an exception, which confirms the rule that quails should be eaten roasted: and if you desire a proof—for there are some who never believe your assertions—you shall have one of much antiquity, viz. “that the Israelites found them roasted in the desert;” and as they apparently had neither guns, pointers, nor cooks, they would scarcely have known what to do with them, had not a higher Power provided them. Nevertheless these quails could not have been larded, as the Jews never eat bacon, and were probably not so good as ours, as the larding is indispensable.

All rails furnish the cook with a pleasing task, delicate, and of high flavour: prepared in the stew-pan, their flavour develops itself: the spit too often dries them up. I therefore recommend their being eaten *en salmis*, seasoned with truffles or mushrooms. Nevertheless, they are excellent roasted: it requires, however, the eye

of one who understands his business to superintend them. Never place entire confidence in your cook : a slight circumstance may cause you to be disappointed : your rail may be overdone, and in such case you may as well offer a burnt mutton-chop to your friend.

THE WILD DUCK.

*“ Ainsi dans leur saison les canes du Lapland
Partent, formant dans l'air un triangle volant.”*

THIS beautiful bird of passage arrives in the autumn and departs in the spring. There remain here and there a few that make their nests in France; they select marshes, pools surrounded by wood, in which they lay their eggs. The desire of these idle ones appears to be simply that of affording to the sportsman the pleasure of killing the young birds, which grant to the gastronome the ineffable delight of eating a bird of such exquisite flavour.

The flocks of wild ducks are sometimes very numerous, the great difficulty is to approach them. It is generally necessary to use a boat as well as a duck-gun; even then your shots are at some distance, though you may bring down ten or a dozen at a time. Among those hit, many are not killed,

only wounded; they still swim, though they can no longer fly: it is necessary to pursue them, but a second shot generally effects your desire. But it is not exactly of that species of sport that we here write; we must not forget that we are sporting with a dog.

In the first place, you must prepare yourself with some long water-proof boots, strong and pliant. In order to obtain these I could recommend you to many places, as also give you an excellent receipt to keep them in order; but in the present day there is scarcely a town in which you may not be creditably supplied.

Be careful to keep your dog close. Wild ducks rise at some distance from the shooter, more particularly when the flock is numerous. As with the partridge, a single bird is far more easily approached than a covey. Do not then allow your dog by too much eagerness to render the chance more difficult. Charge your gun with large shot, No. 3 or No. 2. The wild duck, above all water-birds, has generally the thickest plumage; you must therefore have a large shot

to penetrate this covering, more particularly when the bird rises at some distance. Hunt with care all the sides of the pool; beat well the long weeds and rushes, and do not hurry too much, or you may leave a bird behind you. In this manner you may find snipes, rails, &c. When duck-shooting, something is always to be met with. In marsh shooting the best of dogs will sometimes lose his scent: the water which penetrates the nostrils, or the particles of mud, is the cause. It will be as well, therefore, sometimes to allow him to rest, dry himself in the sun, and begin again. It is almost needless that I should add, that in duck-shooting, as in all other shooting save that of snipe, it is necessary to have the wind. A good wind in sporting is a *sine quâ non*.

The wild duck is perhaps the game which causes the most noise when rising. The flapping of its wings in the water, and soon after in the air, astonishes a novice. It is on this account that Varron gives it the name of *quassa gipenna*.

In firing at a wild duck on the wing you

have far more chance of killing it than on the water. In the first case the feathers are separated and more readily penetrated, in the second it is quite the contrary. If you fire at a duck on the water, aim always at that part of the bird immediately above the surface of the water. The duck will sometimes dive; in such case be prepared to fire with your second barrel the moment it rises again. When firing at this bird on the wing, it will be as well to fire rather high than too much at the body: in fact, let your aim be at the head. It is sometimes very difficult to recover a wounded wild duck; the best dog may be at fault: the bird dives, and re-appears twenty yards off; the moment the dog approaches he dives again, and so on *ad infinitum*. If in a boat this is soon ended, as you get another shot: if on land, I pity you. The spaniel is the best dog for marsh shooting: as for the setter, he is too soon done; rheumatic and other pains distress him, and destroy his scenting powers: this is a sport too rough for his constitution. Should you see afar off some

wild ducks on the bank of a river, mark a tree or stone in their immediate locality ; then make a circuit sufficiently extended to prevent their hearing or seeing you, and make towards the spot where they are. If the bank be high, you will easily approach them, but take care your dog is behind you. Should the sun throw your shadow on the water they will be off the moment they discover it, the manner of hiding the shadow of a sportsman being not yet discovered. In a marsh it is very easy to attract wild ducks by placing there some tame ones ; this method may be dated for centuries back. We have already said an idle wild duck will occasionally remain in our climate, where they breed, lay, and rear their young. When a nest of young ones is found they are easily destroyed. This, however, must, of course, only be done when they are fit to hand over to the cook. Having decided on killing them, the old hen must first be shot ; after this, the young ones, deprived of their guide, are easily brought to reason : they are found one after another in the long grass, or in the rushes, and should

one remain, it is readily enticed the following day by attaching near to the river a tame duck; the young ones take it for their mother, and are not long in coming to be killed by its side. It is very difficult to judge distances on the water: in order to do this well requires much practice. Some who possess large pools or lakes, where many wild ducks are found, cause stakes to be placed in the water: these stakes, all within shot the one of another, serve as a guide to the shooters, as beyond such distance shot would be wasted.

Wild ducks, geese, and teal have admirable instinct in their flight; the flock separates in two wings, forming exactly the letter V. That one seen flying at the head of the two columns at the spot where the two branches of the letter unite, has necessarily less fatigue than the others: all fly behind him, following the direction which he traces in the air: he is the pilot. A flock of wild ducks is an army, of which each soldier becomes a general in his turn. After a certain time, which is always the same, the rear one

hastens his pace, and takes the lead until another supplies his place, and so on.

Scarcely has the swallow taken its departure, than on the winds of the North are seen advancing a colony who come to replace the travellers to the South, in order that no void should remain in our fields. In the grey time of autumn, when the keen wind whistles through the branches and carries off the remaining leaves, a flock of wild ducks, all arrayed in file, traverse in silence a melancholy sky. Should they perceive from their airy height any Gothic manor surrounded by pools, lakes, and forests, it is there they purpose to descend. They await the night ; and, making their evolutions above the woods, the moment the shades of evening darken the valley, with neck extended and whistling wing they descend all at once on the waters which tempt them. A general cry, followed by a profound silence, is heard in the marsh. Guided by a small light which probably shines through the narrow window of a tower, the travellers approach the walls, favoured by the rushes

and the night: then flapping their wings, and crying out by intervals amidst unceasing winds and rain, they salute the habitation of man.

It is a remarkable fact, that teal, wild ducks, snipes, plovers, lapwings, which all serve as food to man, should come at the moment when the earth is unfruitful; whereas strange birds which come during the fruit season have only pleasurable relations with us: they are musicians sent to charm amid our shrubberies. Some may be excepted, such as the quail and the wood-pigeon, of which the shooting does not take place till after the harvest, and which fatten themselves with our wheat to be served on our tables. Thus the birds of the North are the manna of the North winds, as nightingales are the gift of the Zephyrs. From whatever point of the horizon the wind blows Providence sends us a present. The wild duck is the species of game the most known: all over the world you hear of their having being killed; they are the hope of the shipwrecked. Abandon a man in any part of the known world,

give him a gun, powder, and shot, and he will kill wild ducks for his food.

The wild duck is of higher flavour and more savory than the tame duck: whether roasted with mushrooms, or *en salmis* with truffles, the wild duck is a most distinguished meat.

All that we have said in reference to wild ducks applies to the teal, and in general to all water-birds. We shall only add a few observations with regard to the moorhen, which you meet with when shooting snipes, rails, and wild ducks.

This meeting is agreeable: it is a good shot which kills a water-fowl, but it should be well aimed that it strike fully: if the slightest life remain, he dives and disappears. The moorhen possesses an astonishing instinct in order to avoid the game-bag and the spit. She swims for some time under water, and, instead of re-appearing as the wild duck, places itself under the leaf of a lily or among rushes, and, allowing its beak to appear, takes breath and remains immovable. It requires a good dog to find them: he should beat the rushes and the reeds on

the borders of a pool, and often double, as the water-fowl will make a hundred turns to deceive him. The moorhen is otherwise very easily shot. It gets up under your feet: allow it to fly; take good aim at its body, and do not fire till you are sure of success. When it remains immovable, it may be taken, from its black plumage and the white mark on its head, for an heraldic bird fallen from the crest of an ancient cavalier.

THE SNIPE.

As much as the snipe resembles the woodcock in its plumage, in an equal degree do its habits and actions differ. Snipes are found in marshes, in low and wet grounds, whereas the woodcock seeks the mountain or the wood. As a general rule, wherever you find snipes, never look for woodcocks, and *vice versâ*. The snipe arrives in France during the autumn, and disappears during the cold weather, returns during the spring, and then directs its flight again to the North, where it breeds. Some may produce their young in France, but these are exceptions.

It is a very agreeable sport that of snipe-shooting, but neither the shooter nor his dog must fear the water. Supply yourself with water-proof boots; walk and look out; you will find amusement. This shooting requires as much experience as address. The snipe flies with great rapidity, but this is the least

inconvenience. It commences by starting straight for several yards, makes two or three plunges, and then flies straight again. If you wait till these two or three plunges have been made before firing, it is far away, without it has risen under your feet. If you fire during these doubles, you will generally miss it. If you are prepared, it is better to fire at once, and you have then the chance of the second barrel should you fail with the first after the three doubles; but to shoot thus you must be very quick—few are very successful; nevertheless I have seen many who, from constant practice in snipe-shooting, can kill them as easily as partridges.

The snipe can be shot at from morning till night. Those once put up will be found again. You may fire always, and often miss: in no shooting is so much powder wasted. It may be as well to charge your two barrels with different-sized shot, the right with No. 1; the left with No. 6, or even No. 5. The small shot may be used in double charge, or at least a charge and a half; as you will fire it at a short distance it will bind better. It

will be as well to diminish the charge of the larger shot by a quarter or a third, as it is required to carry further, and if you fire with correct aim there will still be sufficient.

The snipe allows itself to be easily found by the dog, and it is the only kind of game which can be hunted with a bad wind. It is even better to have the wind in the rear, and for this reason,—the snipe has the habit of facing the wind, and of flying straight before it. If you find him with a contrary wind, it starts before you; if not, it whirls in the direction of the wind, and then such whirls, added to the plunges which it never omits, greatly complicate the question. Snipes are more readily shot during cloudy than bright weather. The jack-snipe lies close in thick tufts of grass, and gets up almost always under the feet of the shooter. But the larger snipe has all the allurements of the water-rail: it runs, is put up with difficulty, and does not fly till far from the dog: it then fancies itself out of danger, but the gun often damages such ideas. Bourgainville found snipes in the Malonnes Isles,

and ascertained they possessed habits different from those which we deem them to have in Europe. As there is nothing to disturb them in such latitudes, they make their nests in the open country, and are easily killed; they have no fear, and omit the doubles when rising. Advice to those who are disconcerted by these movements: they have only to make the voyage and they may kill snipes as easily as quails, which may probably be sufficient compensation. Snipes are everywhere to be found, as woodcocks. Their eating is delicate and delicious, and as regards their culinary preparation, we refer you to our receipt for the woodcock.

Sporting gastronomes, and they are in a large majority—we desire, but scarcely know how, to give them the receipt of the *salmis des “Bernardins.”* It may be applied to all sorts of game. These good fathers do not disdain any science. In those days the cloister produced men who knew a thing or two.

Take four snipes, roast them, but not too much: cut them up according to the rules

of the art, then divide the wings, the legs, the breasts, and the backs, and arrange them on a dish. On the dish on which you dissect them, and which ought to be of silver, crush the livers and the entrails of the bird, on which squeeze the juice of four lemons and the rind finely mixed of one. On the members already prepared sprinkle a few pinches of salt and of allspice, two spoonsful of excellent mustard, and half a glass of first-rate sherry: then place the dish over a heater of spirits of wine, and stir it well, so that the whole be well impregnated with the seasoning, but let none unite. Take great care not to let it boil; but when it approaches that degree of heat, sprinkle it with some fine olive oil; diminish your heat, and continue to stir for several minutes. Then take off the dish, and serve it immediately, so that it may be eaten hot.

Recollect, when you meet with this dish, to use your fork, as in case you touch it with your fingers you will devour them.

CHANCE GAME.

"Tros Tyriusve mihi nullo discrimine agetur."—VIRGIL.

WE shall unite under the above title all birds, which, without counting them among the hope of the sportsman who shoots to the pointer, may nevertheless occasionally aid in filling his game-bag. When in the field he meets with them within shot, he ought to take advantage of the chance without permitting himself to think of the necessity.

Lapwings and plovers are birds of passage; they arrive in large flocks, but they are very cunning and approached with difficulty. It is rare that a dog points to them, and it is only by surprise that such an event occurs. When, by the nature of the ground, or in a high wind, the shooter meets with them on a sudden, then a double shot fired into the centre of the flock causes a desirable result. Although the guignard is a species

of plover, it forms an exception to the general rule; it allows itself to be pointed by the dog. I have killed several in this manner. In the month of September, when the weather is warm, they are easily approached, and at times may even be fired at sitting. This is a bird much esteemed by gastronomists, though little known. Its flesh is extremely delicate, and very superior to lapwings and other plovers. In countries where plovers abound many may be taken. The sport of trapping, netting, snaring them, and other means, are resorted to in war against them: of these means, however, we shall not write, inasmuch as we sport only with the dog. When shooting the hare and partridge, one frequently meets with the wood-pigeon and sometimes the turtle dove, which is agreeable as being a chance. Such birds add to the game-bag; and often the shooter has to thank such chance game for the pleasure of a day's sport.

The plover, the lapwing, and the wood-pigeon, may be added to the contents of a game-bag: as regards the dove, opinions

differ. Many do not consider it as game. I do not agree with them : it is shot on the wing, and often at a great distance.

As regards the thrush, the blackbird, and the lark, they can only be counted on in the kitchen ; even were your bag so filled it would not be with game. Nevertheless this should not prevent your killing a thrush, should occasion offer, of which there are four species in France. The common thrush is found in September among the vineyards and in gardens ; it is the best of all ; is very delicate eating, and very savory. The others differ in size and period of the year when most easily shot, but they are all good on the table. When thrushes are abundant, the shooting of them is by no means wanting in sport. You should have a companion : place yourselves on each side of a vineyard ; send your dogs into the centre, and each fire at those which rise, and, if good shots, you will soon be well supplied. In this manner you may get an unusual number of shots, and such practice is of great advantage to a young sportsman. He accustoms himself to

look out and be prepared to follow the bird with his aim before pulling the trigger. The thrush does not always rise in the same manner : sometimes it flies straight, at others makes many plunges ; at other times its flight is undulated as the waves of an agitated sea : at last it rises in the air and falls again, describing the course of an arrow. A sportsman who can under all circumstances kill a thrush will seldom miss a partridge. When the thrush is fat it runs between the vines, and is put up with difficulty. A stone must be thrown at it, or a piece of earth, to start it ; but you must be ready to fire, for it will settle again within ten or twenty paces.

Thrushes may also be shot when seated on the branches of trees, but they are not easily seen, and at times you may be quite close without discerning them. If you find yourself within twenty or five-and-twenty paces of a tree on which a thrush had settled, aim at the place where it settled, and fire : I have often succeeded in this manner. All thrushes are birds of passage. Never-

theless some always remain in France during the winter, as well as larks, &c.: in fact it would appear, with regard to birds as with men, that there are workmen and pretenders, active and idle.

The country where most thrushes are seen is on the borders of the Baltic Sea, at Dantzic, &c. In that country their number is really prodigious at the season for flight. Every tree, indeed almost every branch, has its thrush: you may fill your bag, and there is scarcely a table on which they are not served on silver skewers half a yard long. A spit of fat thrushes, roasted and larded, is a most delicate dish. They should never be drawn—not more so than a woodcock; the toast placed under them will always be improved. Some eat them *en salmis*, others make pies of them: this is a mistake—never dine with such people, or you will contract their bad habits. In the neighbourhood of Paris, and even farther north, ortolans may be found: indeed, I kill several each season. Although this excellent bird is rarely fat till it has passed some time in cage, we have

eaten many tolerably plump, and not without merit. Few sportsmen know an ortolan: they will pass it by without looking at it: they disdain it. We pity them.

A dog will point well to the lark, and with the same firmness as to the quail or the partridge should the shooter desire it, if he fire on each occasion, and cause his dog to bring back the dead bird. But when a shooter punishes his dog for false points to these birds, he soon ceases to notice them. For a beginner the shooting of larks on the wing is good practice, which he may often repeat, as these birds are found at each step in certain seasons. It requires quick sight to shoot them, as they are certainly more difficult to kill than the quail or the partridge. It is no longer as the swallow, which passes and repasses before you, and which you fire at when it suits you. With the lark you must seize the moment, which, when once lost, will not be recovered.

In countries where game is not abundant, the shooting of larks with a looking-glass is an amusement taken advantage of from want

of better. In those where much game is found, when partridges can no longer be shot, larks may be so. Whether from coquetting or curiosity, the lark likes to approach a brilliant object : it looks, and admires itself while singing.

Looking-glasses are made which turn themselves, and move like a clock by the aid of clock-work. They are very ingenious, but the rays which they throw out are very uniform. I prefer the ancient glass which our fathers made use of, and which were turned with a string. According as the sun was strong or weak, so we could accelerate or retard their movements. This sport is carried on in the morning during the month of October, when the weather is clear, till two o'clock. A single glass is quite sufficient for many shooters if the larks are abundant. It is one of those sports where most powder is burnt, and as it is necessary to load quickly, it is as well to make use of cartridges. If the lark is difficult to shoot when rising from the field, it is quite the contrary when shooting with a looking-glass;

it soars, flaps its wings, and hovers without changing its position. It is like shooting a bird sitting on the branch of a tree. A spit of larks, fat and well-dressed, has its merit: they must neither be drawn nor roasted too much. I am aware that great hunger is not easily appeased with larks, but they do very well with other dishes.

We were one day in the fields, and we saw a shooter at some distance, who appeared desirous of leaping a hedge. Our friend had his right leg behind him as if to take his jump, and then he stopped. "He'll jump," said one. "He won't," said another; and his movements began again. "The ditch must be very large," said I, "since he hesitates so long." "It is quite small," said one. "It is deep," said another. "It is dry." "It is full of water." To be brief, when we approached him we found an honest sportsman shooting larks, who turned the looking-glass with a string attached to his leg: he had no thought of jumping a ditch, since there was none.

INTREPID SPORTSMEN.

Ad limina nota

Ipse domum serâ quamvis se nocte ferebat.
Hunc procul errantem rabidæ venantis Iuli,
Commovêre canes."—VIRGIL.

IF the weather be not agreeable for shooting it will nevertheless do very well for keen sportsmen. Bad weather is sometimes the best. If you are young and fearless, if the rain does not frighten you, start : your first steps will alone appear distasteful, and with a detonator you have nothing to fear.

During a fine rain partridges are easily approached : they rise from your feet ; their flight is heavy and not fast, and you soon find them again. Some of the best partridge shooting I ever had has been during rainy weather in a beet-root field ; clover is not so good, as they have no shelter, whereas the beet-root plant, well supplied with

leaves, serves as an umbrella for a whole covey of partridges. They huddle together, idleness retains them, and they only rise at the last extremity. I should, however, also observe that dogs have less scent; the water which enters their nostrils neutralises the powers of smell, and which is only supplied by continual marches and counter-marches. If the wind be very high, still you may shoot; game hears you less. The hare is easily surprised, and is not more difficult to shoot than in calm weather. This is not the same with regard to partridges: the height of the wind adds to the quickness of their flight; they start precipitately, in which you must be a good shot to knock them over properly. It has been proved by a thousand observations that the hare allows itself to be more readily approached when the wind is from the south in winter, and from the east in summer; the west and south-west winds are good in all seasons. The real sportsman starts in all weathers; he rarely consults the barometer: he acts according to the state of the atmosphere,

but he sports because he likes sporting. He understands the habits and the movements of game: he beats the fields if the weather be fine. If the wind be high, he tries the hedge-rows and the sheltered spots: he shoots when it is cold, when it is hot; he shoots during rain, during hail; he always sports. He starts at midnight in order to arrive at the corner of a wood where woodcocks are likely to be found at break of day: the woodcocks are not there: what avails it? he has enjoyed the hope—to-morrow he will rejoice in the feast. What do I say? The day is long and is not finished. The sportsman starts for the fields, beats all the corners of the wood, and finds nothing. He has been twenty miles without firing a shot: he returns fatigued, disgusted, harassed, but in his path a hare gets up and is killed. From that time adieu to fatigue; nothing rests so much as the weight of your game-bag.

Previous to killing it you were tired, and walked with your head down; but the moment this interesting quadruped was safe in

your game-bag, as a sailor in his license, your frame expanded, your eyes shone again : you carry your head high : you are no longer the same man. When I meet with a sportsman in the field, I decide, at fifty yards, if he has been successful or not, and am rarely deceived.

For all sportsmen, sporting is a passion ; it is necessary to fatigue yourself to be satisfied : but that fatigue is a pleasure. The shooter knows that on his return he can rest, that a good repast and a good fire await him ; the longer such pleasures are delayed the more are they enjoyed. What gratification, in fact, to dine near a brilliant fire, with dry clothes, with clean linen, after having been out all the day in mud and wet ! To many sportsmen shooting is more than a passion ; it is a rage. I have seen them during the month of November place themselves among rushes with the water up to their middles, and in this to watch for four or five hours together a flock of ducks, which rarely come within shot ; others, who would pass the whole night near a wood for

a chance shot at a roe-deer, when sometimes a rabbit might appear in the neighbourhood. One day—two—ten days pass without sport ; at last they are successful, and from that moment all their troubles are forgotten.

In England sporting is the rage of old and young. A professor of mathematics at Cambridge hunted at seventy-five years of age, and was then blind. His horse followed that of his groom. Addison, passing a joke on the Scotch, stated that on one occasion a fox passed through an encampment, and all the army followed it.

During the year 1830, immense flocks of wild ducks appeared on the banks of the Maine. These young ladies had fine ears, and were most difficult to approach. In order to kill them it was necessary to await their time. But how to wait for ducks during the night with the barometer at 15° ! An honest butcher proved the possibility. During one month this honest man never went to bed. He had several holes made near the river, in which he hid himself, and there remained throughout the night watch-

ing wild ducks. He killed and sold more than he did legs of mutton or rounds of beef. Yet few are found sufficiently hardy for such an undertaking. I have never tried such experiments, because I am not fond of hidden shooting; and more, I am unable to encounter severe cold and wet save on the move: but at all times, and during all weathers, I can shoot when walking.

When the ground is covered with snow, partridges huddle together in order to keep themselves warm, and they may then be easily approached should you deem it worth your while to dress yourself in white, which may be done by wearing white trousers and putting a shirt over your other clothes, and placing a white handkerchief on your head. By no other colour appearing in the field, the partridges do not observe you far off; and if you have the wind, and take advantage of the ground to hide yourself, you are sure of a few good shots. Rabbits should not be ferreted during snow: the rabbit is chilly and idle, and will not leave its burrow; in fact, he will allow himself sooner to be

eaten. In such case you must wait long enough, as the ferret, which fears the cold, will not hurry itself to return. I have tried this, and can assure you it is not very agreeable to wait four or five hours in the snow by a rabbit-hole. Generally, all kinds of sport during snow, cold, and rain should be made on the move, to circulate the blood ; the movement heats you, and it is dangerous to stop : you must walk and walk on, and should you feel fatigued, return to your own fire-side, leaving more serious affairs to the following day.

There are many intrepid sportsmen who have broken their arms and legs in the heat of the chase ; many fingers, hands, and even eyes have been lost : all these accidents have not prevented the sufferers from sporting again. Whether it be hunting, shooting, or rat-killing, sport will be ever sport.

THE SELFISHNESS OF SPORTSMEN.

“Sensible à la gloire,
Fier de la victoire,
A qui veut te croire
Tu le conteras ?”—*Robin des Bois.*

THE self-love of sportsmen may be compared to that of authors, actors, and billiard-players; with all it is in the extreme. Should a bird rise, and four shooters fire, does it fall, each one declares to having killed it—all are sure; they all give their words to the fact. I have known quarrels take place on the subject of a partridge. The good shot, however, will always give way sooner than cause a dispute, which is generally sustained by him who has no confidence in his own shooting, and fears to return with an empty game-bag. But if all act with courtesy, which should ever be the case among gentlemen, these differences

rarely occur. As a general rule, the head of game belongs to him who stops it in flight or course. One should always allow the game time when fired at by a companion. Fire yourself only when you are sure it is not wounded, and not even then without you are shooting with friends. Never fire to the point of a dog to which another person is shooting without being requested to do so. Neither ought you to follow up the bird put up by another shooter. The hare which runs is not dead. All have a right to fire at a hare which runs. Nevertheless if it be wounded by one of your companions, if his dog follows it near, you should not fire; or, should you do so, consider it the shot of him who has wounded it. I found myself in the fields with a stranger: we fired at a partridge, which fell. "It is mine," said he. "I could claim it, since we both fired," said I. "Yes, but I saw it fall to my shot, I am certain; I give you my word." "Take it," said I. As we were loading our guns, I observed, from the height of his ramrod, that my friend put in

a double charge. By my advice he made use of his drawing-rod, and perceived his last charge had never gone off. His gun had snapped, whereas mine was discharged. My friend had been quite certain of having killed, and had given his word to that effect. He was desirous to give up the partridge; I begged him to accept it. At this he was not sorry, as there is pleasure in showing something on your return home. A sportsman who returns without anything avoids meeting his acquaintances, and, should he see any one, gets out of the way. If, on the contrary, his bag is well filled, with a face radiant in smiles he fearlessly walks on, that his game may be seen by all.

During several years, when I have enjoyed some good shooting with an old military friend, on our return he was asked by his wife if he had had good sport? "Yes," said he, "I have killed ten brace and he has killed six." Yet, on the following day, if I had killed twelve brace and he five, he would answer, "We have killed seven-and-twenty brace." This amiable woman then

never failed to say to me, "You have killed the most, as he speaks in the plural number." "Sportsmen are very amiable, and very gallant," said a lady; "they rise at four o'clock in the morning; they take great precaution quietly to descend the stairs; they never put on their thick shoes till they are ready to start; they fear to disturb us by their noise; and then they discharge their guns under our very bedroom window." Observe a sportsman who has missed his shot, will he not ever have a good reason for so doing? The bird was too far; the gun hung fire, &c.; the next time he will be more careful; or, his powder is not sufficiently strong—his shot is mixed, not sufficiently round, and scatters too much—a tree prevented his aim—if not a tree, the sun, or, probably, the moon! He will tell you a thousand such tales. Be assured it is never his fault that he has missed. A shooter always augments the distance; he fires at thirty paces, and says it is fifty; he does not touch the bird; this is easily accounted for—it rises too far off. If he kill it, he takes to

himself the merit accordingly. It required far more address, far better aim, better everything than others have, but which he possesses.

And then the lost birds! this is the great battle-horse—two wounded partridges, which the dog could not find because the weather was too hot; a rabbit hit, which disappears in its hole; a hare with its leg broken—the dog was in the act of catching it when the hare doubled, and, being close to a wood, escapes. All this signifies, that “had I as much luck as address my bag would be full.” To which may be answered, “When you find a partridge wounded by another, keep it yourself.” If your dog catch a hare running which some else has wounded, say nothing, all is grist to the mill. Sportsmen are fabulous; this is a proverb admitted at all times and in all countries. The proverb is true; but if it were not so, it would be necessary to become so for the honour of the proverb, which ought never to be blamed. Nevertheless it is not well to push

the question too far, and thus by doubt to revoke all the tales of sportsmen.

When shooting, extraordinary things are met with ; and frequently, from fear of the above proverb, I have scarcely dared to relate facts which have actually occurred to me, as it is not agreeable to see a smile of incredulity on the face of your listeners.

One of my ancestors was shooting on a mountain covered with snow ; he was on the summit, near a precipitous descent ; he fired at a hare, which fled down the descent ; the hare turned over and over, the snow attaching itself each time until it literally formed a ball, which became larger and larger. Hurried on by its weight, which augmented the ball, it continued its way to the foot of the mountain, and became so large and so hard that with difficulty was it broken up to take out the hare. This anecdote, ridiculous as it may appear, is nevertheless perfectly true. When sporting circumstances multiply and combine in

such a manner that something new is ever occurring.

A young and inexperienced sportsman, in despair at each day returning without success and becoming a laughing-stock to his companions, bought one day a hare, and then went to the field exhibiting his game, pretending a pleasure which he did not feel. On the hare being examined, however, it was soon discovered that it had been killed ten days previously, and was already nearly in a state of decomposition. The fraud was discovered, and he became a greater butt for his companions. Several days afterwards a peasant met him, with his game-bag, as usual, empty, and presented to his alluring eye a superb hare. He bought it, after assuring himself that it was fresh ; he had not forgotten on this occasion to see that its eyes had not sunk into its head, and that its belly showed the white. Here was another cause of laughter ; on the hare being examined, it was found not to have died by the gun, but to have been taken in a snare.

NECESSARY PRECAUTIONS.

“ La père en prescrira la lecture à son fils.”

It is impossible to be too careful when you have a terrible arm in your hands which can cause two deaths. We shall repeat in this chapter all that we have previously said on this head, at the same time adding the advice which long experience has dictated to us. We do not fear the repetition ; the only inconvenience will be that we may forget. Never keep too much powder in your house ; far better to procure it from time to time as you may require it ; a spark may ignite it, and the effects are terrible. Always keep your powder in a dry place, which is locked and far from the reach of children. Should you have occasion to meddle with powder, let it be done during the day. If you absolutely require to fill your powder-flask at night, do it as

far as possible from the candles, as a spark may send you and your house into the air. At an inn, in a farm-house, or any other place of meeting for a shooting breakfast, let your guns be so placed as that neither children nor your dogs may throw them down. A detonating gun may explode by the falling of the hammer if the shock be on the side of the caps. If you approach the fire, do so without your powder-flask ; a few grains only need escape to throw you into the air as a shell. The town of Eyse-nach, in Saxony, was destroyed in this manner in 1810 ; a convoy of artillery was passing through it, a few grains of powder escaped from a barrel, the shoe of a horse ignited it—the barrel exploded ; another, a hundred ; and in a minute three hundred houses were destroyed, and two thousand persons killed.

“ Quæque ipse miserrima vidi.”

When you return from the field always discharge your gun ; having once entered your house you may possibly forget it. You

have many things to say ; to dress for dinner ; your appetite hastens you. You place your gun in a corner ; a child finds it, and if it be loaded all is possible. If for your personal protection you desire to retain a loaded gun in the house, let it not be that with which you sport. Have another ; place it in security during the day, and be careful where you place it during the night, though ready to your hand. The charge of such gun should from time to time be changed ; this point is necessary. If you go to your shooting ground in a carriage, keep your gun well cased in leather. Flint guns will sometimes go off without being touched ; this never takes place with detonators. The cock should be always down when not loaded. These guns probably require more precaution than others. If the cock which is down on the cap finds itself raised by anything whatever, should it fall ever so lightly, its force is sufficient to ignite the powder. I one day returned wet from shooting. I was wiping my gun, which I held at length on a

table ; when, passing the cloth over the locks, my hand touched the trigger,—the gun went off and lodged the contents in the side of the room. Since that time I always discharge my gun before entering. On another occasion I had just fired, and was re-loading the barrel discharged. During the operation a partridge rose from my feet. I was in the act of raising my gun to take aim, when the cock, hitching in some part of my dress, pulled it back ; it fell, and the charge passed within six inches of my head. These two accidents could not have occurred with a good flint gun.

Should your gun fall, and a certain quantity of dirt introduce itself into the barrels, be careful to remove it by passing the ramrod several times into the interior. I should then advise you to place another wadding ; this wad will force the particles of sand which may have remained on the charge, and prevent an accident. When you jump a ditch, always uncock your gun. If you pass through a hedge, a thick covert,

or underwood, care is not less required ; and in many positions the mere uncocking of your gun is not sufficient, you must remove your caps ; but having done so, let down your cocks : without this precaution the powder may escape by the nipples, or become wet. In both cases your gun will miss fire, which is always a great annoyance.

When in the open, carry your gun at an angle of forty-five degrees ; when in a wood it ought to be at fifty, that is to say, straight. Let your hand always be on the small of the gun, that the finger never comes near the trigger till you take aim. If your companion do not follow these precautions, give him a hint ; if he regard it not, get out of his way : fly such people as a pest ; they are worse than the cholera. Ordinarily never walk in a line save with experienced sportsmen and reasonable men. Fly from incautious youths ; they sometimes wound a man, always miss a partridge, and often kill your dogs. When your gun

snaps, elevate the barrel in a vertical position; often it only hangs fire, and will go off the moment after.

Be careful not to overcharge or ram down too hard, and see well that no air is left between the wadding and the charge; this want of precaution may cause your gun to burst, particularly when the barrels are dirty. When alone, never fire when facing a wall, as the shot may recoil in your face; this inconvenience would not take place had you fired obliquely. If in company, never fire against a wall, against a heap of stones, or on a paved place; your shot is always dangerous to some one. In my own neighbourhood a gentleman recently lost his eye in this manner. His companion fired at a rabbit amongst some stones; he was thirty paces on the other side; the same shot which lost him his eye killed the rabbit. Should you fire on the water recollect that your shot ricochets, and be careful of your neighbours. Never fire into the middle of a hedge without being assured no one is on the other side; you may kill a

sleeping shepherd, and it would be a pity to put an end to his dreams and prevent his awaking. In a wood never fire at man's height, or on the ground, without seeing before you. In vineyards it is very dangerous to fire low ; children are sometimes stealing the fruit, and they hide themselves ; it is not with a gunshot they should be punished,—moreover, this is not your business. Always uncock your gun when entering a boat, the unsteadiness may cause your foot to slip, and bang goes your gun. Always take off your caps when entering a carriage. These little precautions prevent many misfortunes and regrets. Not only should every sportsman follow them, but he should cause others to adopt his good example. If it be terrible to cause the death of a man from imprudence, it is equally disagreeable to become the victim of want of care in your neighbour. If you are accosted by an insolent keeper or rude peasant, by people who endeavour to injure you with their tongues, who seek to dispute, who irritate you, uncock your gun ; fear

the temptation arising from passion ; walk away, and allow them to abuse ; the better you are armed the more courteous you can afford to be. I admit that great patience is sometimes required ; yet by this will you prove yourself the gentleman and the sportsman.

THE THEORETICAL EDUCATION OF SPORTING DOGS.

“ Gardant du bienfait seul le doux ressentiment,
Il vient lécher ma main après le châtiment.
Souvent il me regarde ; humide de tendresse,
Son œil affectueux implore une caresse :
J’ordonne, il vient à moi ; je menace, il me fuit ;
Je l’appelle, il revient ; je fais signe, il me suit ;
Je m’éloigne, quels pleurs ! je reviens, quel joie !
Chasseur sans intérêt, il m’apporte sa proie.”

DELILLE.

“THE good sportsman makes the good dog;” all the secret consists in knowing when to punish him and when to reward. The showman’s dog daily makes this reflection : “If I do not jump I shall be beaten, my master gives me nothing to eat, he prevents my sleeping ; if I jump I shall eat, drink, and be caressed ; let us jump;” and he jumps. Imitate the showman. Your words, whether harsh or soft, your caresses or your lashes, should be so regulated as to cause

ideas to find place in the habits of your young dog. The moment he can run, you should occupy yourself with his education ; take him out walking, accustom him to your voice, and make him obey you. You should also accustom him early to the noise of your gun. I have known dogs, with regard to which this precaution has not been taken, being frightened at the report. After his name, the first words made known to him ought to be "to heel ;" these should be repeated on every occasion when you call him to your side ; caress him when he obeys, punish him when he disobeys. But his punishment should be light ; content yourself with a few harsh words and a shake of the whip.

The dog is by nature very sagacious and intelligent ; he loves his master ; profit by this : act with patience and temper, and consequently only punish him when he does not do what he knows he ought to do. It is dreadful to see a sportsman breaking the ribs of his dog with the whip ; the poor beast crouches at the feet of his master,

licks his hand, and seems to say, "Why do you beat me? teach me what to do, and I will do it; I ask no better."

The moment the master has spoken, the dog should obey; you must not, however, omit anything, above all at the commencement: but never punish him, not even by harsh words, till he has learned and understands that which you desire of him. His obedience should be repaid by many caresses; a few kind words he readily understands, and knows well how to show his gratitude. You should therefore be prodigal of kindness, and at the same time avaricious of punishment. The dog delights in flattery; caressed by the voice and gesture, he feels even the severity of your look, and a quick word is a still greater punishment. Then comes the threat of the whip; then a light pull of the ear; then a little more severity; the lash only on great occasions, and this should only be resorted to in extreme measures, in cases of absolute necessity. Proportion the punishment always to the fault, and when your dog, having been chastised,

finishes by obeying, double your caresses ; he knows and feels the difference, and will profit by the lesson. During your walk, take the precaution to study the character of your young dog. If he is gentle and timid, act with much management ; if he is wild, wicked, and cunning, be severe. You are his lord and master ; he should read his destiny in your eyes. A word from you ought to make him tremble ; another ought to make him jump with joy. But, above all, be careful to make use of the same expressions to obtain the same result. The language of dogs does not admit of synonymes ; it requires technical terms, and the vocabulary is of no great length. You should occupy yourself personally with his education ; another voice than your own will disturb his ideas ; the inflections will no longer be the same, and the animal will understand nothing.

When your dog is for some time accustomed to this passive obedience, the base of his education, that he comes to you the instant you call him, stops his gambols and

his fun at the slightest word from your mouth : you must instruct him to lie down at your command ; the front legs should be elongated, the rear ones placed under him. Your dog should always take this position the moment that with a loud voice you cry out " Down." Soon he will attain this habit, and the slightest sign of your hand be sufficient to cause him to obey. Thus placed, you will hold him fixed when walking round him ; when you call him he will rise, but not sooner. A well-trained dog should lie down in an instant.

He should then be taught to fetch and carry ; this may be done in playing with him, but it does not always succeed. You commence by throwing before him a linen cloth, and the moment he seizes it call him ; caress him when he returns, and take the cloth from his mouth. Should he drop the cloth previous to your taking hold of it, place it in his mouth again : repeat this lesson continually. The same exercise may be carried on with a stick, which should be covered with a hare or rabbit-skin in order

to prevent his holding it too fast with his teeth. He should seize it by the centre : should he seize it by the ends, do not allow it, but commence again. You see dogs which will not fetch or carry, and others which will readily do so : in the former case, you must make use of forcing collars : these collars are made with small spikes within ; a string is attached to the collar, and a pull causes the spikes to give severe pain : this should be used carefully at first : if, however, the dog be obstinate, a few severe pulls will bring him to reason.

When your dog brings readily any object thrown for him, then make him bring dead game — a partridge, a quail, or a rabbit. It is only when the dog is full grown and strong he should be made to carry the hare. If he has a hard mouth, and injures the game with his teeth, try the effect of putting pins in the birds.

Your dog carries ; he obeys when you call him ; he understands the words “ to heel,” “ fetch it,” “ give :” you must teach him to seek : his vocabulary is augmented by the

word "seek." In shooting, the dog ought to go over a hundred times more ground than his master. He should always range in zigzag, to the right, to the left, and never pass a tuft of grass without beating it. To teach him this manœuvre you should act thus:—

The dog ranges before you at a distance of fifteen or twenty paces; you should never allow him to be further: you call him on, changing suddenly your direction. The dog comes to you; you make him a sign to advance in saying "Seek." This time you go in a contrary sense: you begin again, and always the words "turn" and "seek" accompany all your movements; and generally dogs will at once take to this manœuvre from the dislike they have of losing sight of their master when they observe that he changes his direction.

The natural instinct of a well-bred dog will cause him to "seek" the moment he has a knowledge of game, which experience will tell him where to find: he will then alone seek it without being told, as a dog

has no less pleasure than his master in sporting.

Your dog brings, seeks, and beats; he obeys; the question is then to teach him to point. The greater portion of pointers point naturally: I have known them when six months old follow their mother to the field, and, on seeing her point, quietly place themselves behind her, elongate their noses, elevate the paw, stretch out the tail, and remain till the gun is discharged.

Throw for your dog the cloth or the stick as before, saying at the same time "Seek:" the moment he approaches it, draw the spiked collar, at the same time crying out to him "Hold." When he has remained a few moments, say to him "Bring," and begin again. You may also throw to the dog bread-and-butter, or anything else, without allowing him to take it till he has pointed before it to the word "hold." When he is on the point, fire your gun, only charged with powder, and do not allow him to touch the bread till you have fired. Repeat this lesson until he well understands it, and till

he points without the use of the collar. Many sportsmen in such case cry "Seize it" to their dog : I condemn this manner. In the open as in the crowd a good dog ought never to rush in. Game should rise itself, and when the shooter approaches quietly.

If a dog throw himself among partridges or quails, they will rise frightened and wild, and will be far more difficult to hit. When getting up before a shooter, they will fly straight. If they be red-legged partridges that the dog runs into, they will rise at once ; in a contrary case, they rise the one after another. For a hare or a rabbit, the inconvenience of rushing in is still more serious, as the dog once started, will follow the animal : if he is near, you will forbear to shoot ; and if you do shoot, you risk the life of your dog. In a marsh the case differs : a dog ought to rush, but you should never permit him till he is well grounded in good principles, and not until you have no fear that this habit will induce him to force his point in a wood or in the fields.

Young dogs are generally full of spirit ; it

is necessary to calm them. When you see your pupil carried away by excitement beyond the distance of twenty paces, stop him with a severe voice. When he rejoins you, give him a sign to advance again, saying "Gently, gently:" moderate your voice, if his ardour is too great. All these lessons, repeated with patience, will not be lost on a dog of pure breed. You should well know how to distribute your recompenses as well as chastisements: give them at the proper moment, and be prodigal with your favours.

When your dog knows all that we have here named, he is broken, theoretically speaking. Many sportsmen exact more. The education of a pointer is very trifling: he is formed by Nature; in his youth he is so excited that he forces and starts the game, but he soon knows better: the instinct of the chase causes him to reason; he continues his gallop, but he stops when necessary.

A sportsman understands the powers of his dog: his listeners, who have scarcely believed his tales, are surprised by facts. I know a man who took a burning stick from

the fire, threw it into the centre of the hall, and desired his dog to bring it. The dog walked round the burning brand, fearing to touch it: the order being repeated to him, he at length approached it, and having first extinguished the fire with his urine, seized it in his mouth, and dragged it to the feet of his master.—*Si non è vero.*

THE PRACTICAL EDUCATION OF SPORTING DOGS.

“ Le bon chasseur fait le bon chien.”

Sagesse de Nation.

PROCURE a living partridge and cut his wings: secure it from time to time, from distance to distance, in sundry grassy spots. Then attach your bird by a string to a tree or bush. It will at first endeavour to escape, but finding that impossible, it will soon lie close; allow it to remain so, and leave it. Your dog not having observed these preparations, take your gun and the wind, and with him approach the ground that has been touched by the bird. Then repeat the lesson to “seek.” Your dog will become impatient: as soon as he scents the game, he starts; stop him with a gentle remonstrance; make him return to your side, and

cool his ardour by the words "Gently, gently." As you have only one partridge, and that must die in the lesson, be careful of his life, and allow the practice to last as long as possible. Tell your dog to seek ; make him turn to the right and the left ; and lastly, when he approaches the game, cry loudly to him to "hold." Should he not stop, a good pull at the spiked collar will instantly have the effect. Then approach your dog, saying to him quietly, "Hold, hold!" Walk round him : your voice and looks will fix him to the spot he has taken. When you have done this several times, take the partridge, put it under his nose that he may scent it without permitting him to touch it. Then let the bird go behind you : take your dog away, and recommence your lesson. Do this several times, and above all follow the advice given you before : and the moment your dog has pointed at the bird without the aid of his collar, kill the partridge and make him bring it. When the dog precipitates himself on the bird, and enjoys the pleasure of holding it in his mouth, cut the string by

which it has been attached. Assure yourself that he does not bite the bird, and that he gives it you the moment you desire him. Throw it three or four times in order to make him bring it again, and recommence this practice as often as you can procure a living bird.

This lesson may be also followed up with a rabbit in a court-yard. It is not necessary to secure it; this animal, accustomed to live in burrows, will not endeavour to save itself in an open space: it will remain quiet. If your dog runs after a hare or a rabbit which gets up, he should be severely punished: this custom will cause you to miss many a shot; he should not move till your gun is discharged.

We are now arrived at the period to take your dog to the field. If he is wild, place the collar on him and allow the cord attached to it to trail on the ground; you will then always master him by placing your foot on it. The animal receives a severe shock, the sharp points run into him and soon correct him. But each time that you so stop him

you must tell him the reason. If he is wild on his beat, you must say "Gently, gently." If a bird rise before him and he desire to follow it, say "Hold, hold." These expressions, or any other constantly repeated, will end by being perfectly understood, and each time you pronounce them your dog will understand your desire. When you are shooting to a young dog, fire under his nose, if you have the chance, at the game he has pointed. The bird is often so destroyed : what does it signify ? such will not ever be the case.

Several of these practical lessons will confirm the dog in his points ; and he will soon make the following reflection :—" If I move, the game is off ; if I stop, it will be killed ; and I shall take it in my mouth, and plunge my nose in its blood. I rejoice. Do not move."

Some partridges rise : you kill two or three ; your dog only brings back one ; do not ask him for the others ; they will serve each in their turn for an excellent lesson. You charge your gun with powder only ;

take your dog with the wind towards a dead partridge—it is still hot ; your dog will soon seek it, and will point to it as to a living bird. A general fault among young dogs is to beat with their noses on the ground ; they follow their game by the track, and take it against the wind. This must not be permitted, as in such manner their scent is less strong : at times they do not scent it at all. The moment you see your dog with his nose on the ground, approach him, make him hold up his head, and oblige him to seek elsewhere. The moment he receives by the wind some particles of scent, he will follow them with his nose in the air. Partridges hold far better before a dog which hunts by the wind than before one that follows on their track. If in the latter case he point, it is only by chance, and when the game is surprised and lies close under his nose.

Never allow your dog to run after partridges : the first time he does it punish him severely. Slip on the cord, and give him a smart shock of the collar, using the words “ hold ” and “ to heel. ” On a second occa-

sion the whip must be applied, having care at the same time to make him sensible by words of the cause of his chastisement. There are dogs with whom both the above modes of correction have not the desired effect: their excitement carries them after the game, and they become deaf to the voice of their master: they require a more severe lesson, a charge of No. 7 from your gun from forty paces in their flanks. At this distance such is not dangerous; it tickles, causes a few drops of blood to flow, and the dog is none the worse. All my dogs have had this dose, and they are as well as I am. You finish by preventing this bad habit; their own judgment and experience soon prove that the advantage is on the side of the wings. But as regards the hare, running as themselves on the ground, they always hope to catch it, because they recollect having taken several; they forget the fact of their having been first wounded. "I caught one yesterday," says the dog; "why not another to-day?" If it be possible, you must prevent their being followed: if you are not success-

ful, do not be too angry. The first time you find yourself shooting in company, and have a young dog, be careful to prevent his running to the discharge of another gun. A few lashes of the whip will generally in such cases have a desirable effect. If your dog, when on the point, endeavours to snap at a hare or a rabbit, a quail or a partridge, and by chance he seize the game, you should run up to him, threaten him, oblige him instantly to drop it, and kill it with your gun. If you suffer this enormity, your dog will believe he knows better than you; he will endeavour to seize your game on all occasions, will seek it, and you will lose your shots. The dog must be well satisfied that he can do nothing with game without his master—which is the fact.

When your dog has committed a serious fault, and you judge an application of the whip necessary, you must seize him suddenly and apply it. But if, knowing his fault, he hesitates to approach you, you must not call him as a friend in order to punish him: this would be a treason he will not forget. Ap-

proach him angrily, and catch him if you can : in all cases, if he flies, he is aware of having committed a fault.

Now that your dog knows all that he ought to know, there is only one thing wanted : it is to make him take to the water. Be careful never to face him, or to throw him in, neither to select cold weather ; if you do so, you will make it ever repulsive to him. This lesson should be taught during the summer, when the water is warmed by the sun. Take him to the side of a stream which is not deep, so that he may enter the water gradually. Throw in a stick or anything else, and make him bring it. If he refuse, wait till he is hungry, then throw in some pieces of bread, at first near, then farther, and caress him when he obeys you. By and bye, when you find that he seems without fear, throw in at some distance a dead partridge, which you have previously caused him to scent, and without hesitation he will throw himself into the water. To finish this lesson, put a duck into a pond, and tell your dog to bring it ; the duck will plunge, and the dog will

pursue without catching it. When you have amused yourself sufficiently with this chase, shoot the duck, and your dog will proudly bring it on shore.

The good sportsman makes the good dog : kill plenty of game, and your dog will become perfect. The sporting dog judges his master as a soldier judges his general. If he be a bad shot, the dog becomes careless. It is certainly by egotism that man causes a dog to submit to all his lessons, that he chastises him with the collar and the whip ; but he also provides for him pleasures, which on the other hand he never would have enjoyed. If the dog could speak, he would thank you : without him you could do little ; without you he could do nothing. The sporting dog loves the chase above all ; he loves it as much as the most ardent sportsman. If he is such, the sight of a gun animates him ; if he is lame, he will drag himself after you ; if he sleep, he dreams of partridges, rabbits, and hares. I have even known dogs wake up at the words "gun," "quail," "partridge." This effect

has been caused without being said on purpose ; merely the expression in conversation has caused them to move the head or sigh. The dog is man's best friend ; it may be said he was created for his companion. Frederick the Great was one day in the midst of his courtiers, who assured him of their devotion to his person. The king listened to them, when, at the moment, the door opened, and his dog came bounding into the room. " You say well, my friends," added the king ; " but here is my best friend."

It would require ten volumes to relate the history of celebrated dogs ; I shall therefore confine myself to one, as a finish. During the Emigration, a marquis of my acquaintance was received at the residence of a German baron. On the first day his astonishment was great at remarking at the baron's table an enormous dog, seated in an arm-chair. When an attempt was made to serve any one before him, some tremendous sighs burst from his breast, and he was appeased on his plate being filled. " You are

surprised, sir," said the baron, "to see a dog at my table, and treated as we are. When you are informed as to the value I place on the attachment of this admirable beast, you will not blame me, I hope. My château took fire during the night; I was asleep; my servants fled and forgot me. I should certainly have been burned to death, when my dog seized me by the feet, awoke me, led the way through the flames, and I was saved. I owe my life to him, and I do not feel that I do too much for him, when, for the rest of his days, I give him all the enjoyments I can provide for him."

THE TRICKERY OF WAR.

“ La division Vedel aurait dû se trouver à Baylen : elle resta en arrière, et son absence décida de la perte de l’armée d’Andalousie. Les soldats, manquant de vivres, se levaient au plaisir de la chasse, en poursuivant des troupeaux de chèvres que les Espagnols avoient lâchés tout exprès dans les montagnes.”—*Mémoires d’un Apothicaire.*

I HAVE already said, we shoot, but we commit no murder. Our dogs, our guns, give us sufficient advantage over the game, without the necessity for making use of nets, gins, or snares, which are only good for those unfortunate poachers who live by the sale of stolen goods, and are consequently unworthy the use of a gentleman. The thorough sportsman, who respects himself, throws away such unworthy means, as

despicable; he would blush to take advantage of them; he even joins the *battue* only under rare or particular circumstances.

Game has its wiles and cunning to serve its turn: we can meet them with other tricks, but it should always be allowed a chance of escape. For instance, all the world knows that a hare, running direct towards a sportsman who is behind a hedge or tree, is a dead hare. Unquestionably a schoolboy could annihilate him. It is wilful murder. I have often met at a *battue* with very inexperienced shots. This is the manner in which I conduct myself, and I advise all others to follow the example.

It is forbidden, under a heavy penalty, to fire from behind a hedge, &c. Do not endeavour to avail yourself of such tricks; look out, mark, and fire.

The hare returns, doubles, manœuvres in this manner. If you miss it, so much the better for him; if you kill it, your con-

science is clear; you have acted fairly. You will, however, probably say, Less are thus killed. Agreed: the following year you will kill more. With regard to partridges, fire at them as you may, you will find it far more difficult to kill them in *battue*, and this must be your consolation.

When you are shooting, should you hear a shot fired in your vicinity, be on the lookout in case anything may come in your direction. Listen; should you hear a dog, you may be pretty sure a hare precedes him: if it is at some distance, stoop down and call in your dog; if the hare is near you, remain perfectly quiet. Your dog may perhaps see the hare, and prevent its coming towards you: you run a risk; but if you call your dog, the hare may hear your voice and take another direction.

This animal once shot at sees no longer before him: do not move, and he may pass between your legs. If your neighbour has fired at partridges, follow them

with your eyes, and mark where they alight.

You are passing near a wood, a covert, or plantation—in fact, any sort of covert: you have sent your dog therein, and placed yourself at a corner in order to see two sides. A hare runs out, squats, and looks around: do not move; the slightest noise will send him in again; let him take his course, and the moment that you think him sufficiently far from the wood that he cannot return without your hitting him, take aim and fire.

Should it be a rabbit, you must fire as soon as possible—at least if another be not near him. Then it is probable he may advance; if not, he returns to the wood, will make a hundred turns to deceive the dog, and will never take the open again, as, being well aware he is not so fast as the dog, he will soon be taken. A rabbit is often found in the open, but he never leaves the wood in presence of man for the fields.

When several are shooting together, the moment you come to a covert you should surround it: let every one take his place at the sides before the dogs are thrown in. This should be quickly done, without talking or noise. When all are placed, he who hunts the dogs may animate them with his voice and gesture as much as he likes. Let it be well understood, however, that in such cases you shoot only such game as come without, and do not fire within the covert. A hare has started before you; he has been missed with both your barrels, inasmuch as you have seen the dust fly ten paces from him. If your dog follows it, you must recall him; whistle and halloo with all your lungs; and this for two good reasons, which I shall explain to you.

In the first place, so useless a pursuit tires and winds your dog, and henceforth he slackens in his duty. Again: the hare runs much further, and you may lose the hope of finding it again; whereas, by allowing him to go quietly away without

hurry, he stops, looks around him, starts again, and squats in a field of potatoes, clover, or stubble, and you meet with him again before the day closes.

You are shooting on your own ground, and you see your neighbour shooting on his. With a glance of the eye you ought to know if he understands his business. If on the contrary, profit by his inexperience. Examine if he takes the wind : if he does not, take advantage of his error by placing yourself in the same line with him. The hares which he sees will get up at a distance without his getting a shot. You will have a right wind for them : the moment they get up, stoop down and be quiet ; you will kill them under his nose.

You are in the field with ambitious youths, who desire to beat the whole ground at once, who run to be the first at a large clover or beet-root field : let them go, and remain behind ; shoot alone, wisely and soberly ; glean ; your supply will be better

than that of these bunglers. While ten sportsmen crossing in a field have put up four hares, I will engage to find at least six more.

THE SPORTSMAN'S NIGHTMARE— THE GAMEKEEPER.

*"Cerberus hæc ingens latratu regna trifauci
Personat, adverso recubans immanis in antro."*

WHEN sporting, the most honest man always poaches a little. We are all most conscientious, that is evident; have infinite probity, that is incontestable.

A shilling ill got would disturb our rest; should we find the purse of a neighbour, doubtless we should return it: nevertheless, one kills three of his hares without remorse, ten partridges without sleeping the worse, a brace of pheasants with delight. Such are the trifles of the human heart. I have myself experienced this.

A hare killed in the clover of an enemy is a hundred times better than another.

*Pain qu'on dérobe, et qu'on mange en cachette,
Vaut mieux que pain qu'on cuit et qu'on achète.*

It causes more emotion. We live from emotions ; without them we should not act. The heart beats quick, as, knowing you are in the wrong, you fear the keeper—he whom you fancy always either behind a hedge, lying in a ditch, or stuck up in a tree. Ah, the keeper ! that repulsive figure saves the life of many a partridge.

At the same time it is not the gun which does most harm. It is not against such poaching that an active keeper should give his greatest attention. It is against your night poachers, your carriers of nets, gins, and traps, diabolical inventions, capable of destroying all the game on your land in a few hours. Yes, your night poachers, who sleep during the day, and wake during the night, will take advantage of you and us also.

A sportsman should have a well-filled purse, and not forget to take it with him. This purse should contain money of all sorts : the louis d'or should be mixed with the five-franc piece, francs, &c. You should understand, when occasion offers, whether

to give the one or the other: this will depend on the nature of the case. At times this bribery is useless; incorruptible keepers are found: I have seen half an *écu* refused with dignity.

I one day put up a covey of partridges, which alighted within two hundred paces of me, in a field of clover. This clover was surrounded by a ditch, from which a voice appeared to say to me, "Stay where you are."

This was all very well; but the partridges being there close to me, the covey complete, my game-bag empty, in an instant I could secure a brace at least: who the devil could resist? The temptation was too great for a poor mortal; I felt myself devoured by it; and I gave in to it in order to deliver myself, which is the best means.

Cæsar passed the Rubicon; I was a little Cæsar, and I jumped over the hedge.

My dog at the point—the birds rose—a double shot; all this was done in an instant.

This keeper was the "Hacktintirkoff" of

keepers, the Cerberus of the plain, the terror of poachers. As a serpent he hid himself in the coverts, climbed trees like a squirrel, and there, perched on a branch, his eagle eye overlooked the fields and penetrated the coverts. Did he see a sportsman, down he came like a cat; he ran like a hare. Always invisible when you sought him, he rose from the earth at the moment you least expected him. Like a certain heroine of M. Arlincourt's, he was everywhere and nowhere, never and always to be found.

Keeper.—I declare you to have broken the law for having fired on my master's grounds. Where is your license?

Self.—You have not the right to ask it: understand, my friend, a private keeper is only a servant; you should be aware that a license can only be demanded by a keeper of the forests, a *gendarme*, the mayor, or his deputy.

Keeper.—We shall see that.

Self.—It is already seen. With regard to the partridges which I have killed, it is another question: I was in the wrong, I

admit : take this, said I, slipping a five-franc piece into his hand, and drink my health.

Keeper.—No, sir : I shall do my duty.

Self.—Do your duty and keep your feet warm. It is an excellent prescription, recommended by all the faculty.

Putting my money into my pocket, I turned my back on him.—I will take advantage of this circumstance to recommend all sportsmen to avoid all sorts of quarrels.

You should be careful not to get angry with a loaded gun in your hand ; the end may become tragic : it is a question of amusement, and not of acting melodrama, when you are in the field. You are taken in a flagrant act : endeavour to arrange the affair amicably, or at least to lighten the consequences. We no longer live in a time when the death of a hare will send you to the galleys. You will get off for a pound or two ; often for less, sometimes for nothing.

Having returned home, I wrote to Mr.

——, the proprietor of the fatal clover-field. I availed myself of a little diplomacy: I arranged my premises; my tones were courteous; briefly I proved that if I had killed the partridges it was their fault and not my own. The wretches were dead, and I felt certain they could not appear to contradict me. Mr. —— replied to me as a gentleman who knows the strength of a sportsman's conscience when he sees two partridges within twenty paces of him—as if conscience had eyes on all occasions—and the affair was arranged.

The following day I had a visit from the keeper, who was desirous to receive his tip. Of course I never dreamed of giving it: we had changed our position, and the following dialogue passed between us.

Keeper.—Good morning, Mr. Blazé: hope you're well?

Self.—And you?

Keeper.—So so, well! My master has replied to your letter.

Self.—There is plenty of game this year.

Keeper.—A great deal. I spoke up for you, otherwise the law must have taken its course.

Self.—Unfortunately we had much rain during the month of May: many coveys must have perished.

Keeper.—I said you were not a poacher; that although I had taken you on his grounds, you were ignorant that the field belonged to him.

Self.—That which also occasions our having less birds than we ought to have is the quantity of grass meadows.

Keeper.—Any one else would have been indicted to appear at the sessions.

Self.—They are mown too soon, and the eggs are not hatched.

Keeper.—Which is always disagreeable.

Self.—The mother abandons them.

Keeper.—It is also expensive.

Self.—And the mowers make omelets of them.

Keeper.—Last year I put in an action against a man, which cost him at least fifty francs.

Self.—Which omelets ought to be very bad, inasmuch as the eggs were addled.

Annoyed at thus playing a game at cross-questions, he came to the point.

Keeper.—If you like now to give me what I yesterday refused, I will accept it.

Self.—No; I offered it to you to avoid the disagreeable necessity of writing an apology to one with whom I was unacquainted. My letter has been written, and I am money in pocket by it. You are the loser; but your conscience is clear, which is an enormous compensation. If during your rounds you should meet with Mr. Azais, he will explain this to you better than I can. Good bye! take care of yourself, and keep your feet warm.

Hacktintirkoff went off much disappointed. Some days after we met again on the field of honour: I threw him double that which I had previously offered, and we became the best of friends. When he saw me in the open, he went into the wood.

You have no right to shoot game off your own ground, being personally on it. Should,

however, a bird fall on that of your neighbour, being hit on your own, you are justified in seeking it. If some over-zealous keeper make any opposition, do not listen to him, but walk on. Give him the example of Louis XIV. The huntsman of M. Popilau followed a stag into Versailles, which was taken in the court of the palace; the guards were desirous to prevent the huntsmen from securing it, but the King permitted them, at the same time declaring that a stag found on your own ground may be taken anywhere.

One of my friends was shooting in the neighbourhood of Condé. The keeper of a rich landowner came up and warned him off. Without disturbing himself, he said to him, "Ah! there you are: well, never mind! I could have done without you, although your master promised you should be here earlier. Go to the château, tell Mr. — that in an hour I will be with him to breakfast."

"By what name shall I announce you, sir?"

"The Count of Beaumanoir, Commander of the Citadel of Condé."

After having given some good hints to my friend as to where he would find most game, the keeper returned to the château. When he had delivered his message they laughed at him, and told him that of which he was previously ignorant, that in the town of Condé (in his own neighbourhood) there never had been a citadel.

The forester is generally a natural, to be treated with, his duty not being to prevent you from shooting, but to protect the crops and fences which you may injure on the ground.

Recollect that the first day of shooting is to him as New-year's-day is to the porters of Paris: they are on the look-out for something to drink—and all the world must live. The first of September is a chapter of receipts in his account-book. Ill luck to him who by ignorance or niggardliness deceives the hopes which rise without ceasing at the appearance of a fresh sportsman! Abused, worried, conducted to the mayor, he loses two hours in absurd disputes, and ends by paying a fine. Far better is it to commence

by so doing. The forester has seen you ; from that moment you become his property, a machine—for something to drink. All with guns in their hands who trespass on the public grounds of the common deliver a toll, as were they passing the Bridge of Arts. In the same manner as M. de Pourceaugnac became the prey of his surgeon, the sportsman becomes that of the forester, and the traveller of his postilion. He is another astonishing being, the postilion. How many glasses, how many gills, how many pints, his immense interior gulfs each day !

Was France populated by postilions and foresters, from this moment the export of wine would be longer possible ; foreign commerce would be at an end ; all would be drunk on the premises. A forester can only be compared to a postilion ; a postilion to a forester. They are two beings quite assimilar : they cannot enter into any known comparison. Why has not Buffon classed them ?

The moment you meet a forester, throw him a piece of thirty or forty francs : he will

prefer the last, inasmuch as it contains at least two more bottles of wine. Enter into conversation with him; be courteous and polite; a little flattery is not lost. If he snuffs, offer him a pinch; should he smoke a cigar, in all cases offer him your spirit-flask, and he will accept some of its contents: the forester always accepts. Show him attention; these gentlemen love to be thought of importance; and, above all, recollect that you have before you the last link in the chain of administration, which commences with the prime minister and descends to the forester. Consult him as to your movements; he likes to be consulted; his nature is talkative. Use a little tact with him: he will very soon, without being aware of it, point out to you the most likely spot to find a hare—where there are most partridges—and the exact abode of the rabbits—the snuggerly which the quails prefer; and you will neither lose your trouble nor the value of your money.

One of my friends was shooting, when a forester approached and threatened him with

an action. "Understand, sir, that on meeting with me, you should take off your hat." From the end of his gun the sportsman threw down his hat. "Ah! I understand, you were not desirous to show me your old wig. Let us see." He took off his wig, threw it into the air, fired at it, and knocked it into a thousand pieces, and gave twenty francs to the stupified forester, saying, "Buy yourself a wig if you have not got one." Both were contented.

The forester is essentially a poacher. Always in the field, he knows every run of a hare; he can find you a covey in a moment; his pockets are always filled with gins and wires of every description. At night he sets his traps; and in the morning, he, who is employed to watch the grounds and protect the crops, creeps like a cat here and there on his knees, destroying the golden blades of wheat; and, in order to gratify his gains—alas! often too abundant,—he does immeasurable harm to the farmer.

The first restrictive laws as to the right

of carrying arms in France were made by Henry II.; he forbade it on the penalty of death. At a later period, his successors made some modifications; but in 1609, Henry IV. — and I am sorry for him — renewed with severity the laws of Henry II. Several examples were made; one, amongst others, by the Parliament of Grenoble. This severity existed till the reign of Louis XIV. The carrying of arms was then forbidden by law to certain persons and certain classes in the most decided manner.

In the present day the license is altogether an affair of fifteen francs,—a tax on your pleasures which you ought to pay. There is no more restriction or guarantee to persons than the giving of a *porte d'armes*: nearly every one can procure it. It is a formality in law, as the stamp on a newspaper. It is one of the thousand rivulets which lose themselves in the ocean of the Budget.

The consequence to him who shoots out of season, or without a license, is the con-

fiscation of his gun ; but his case must be decided by the laws. The police officers have only the right of bringing the action, and not of depriving you of your gun. In such case a sportsman may resist. No man of heart allows himself to be disarmed.

THE END.

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NOW READY,

By the same Author,

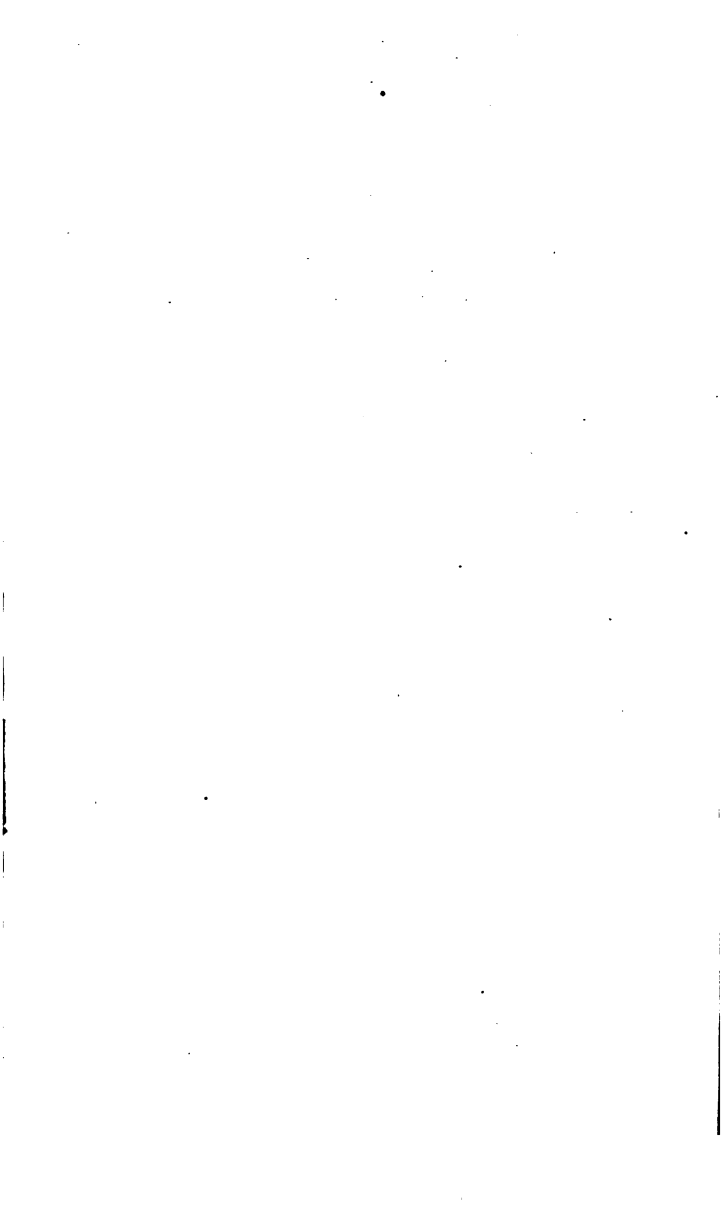
SCOTTISH SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

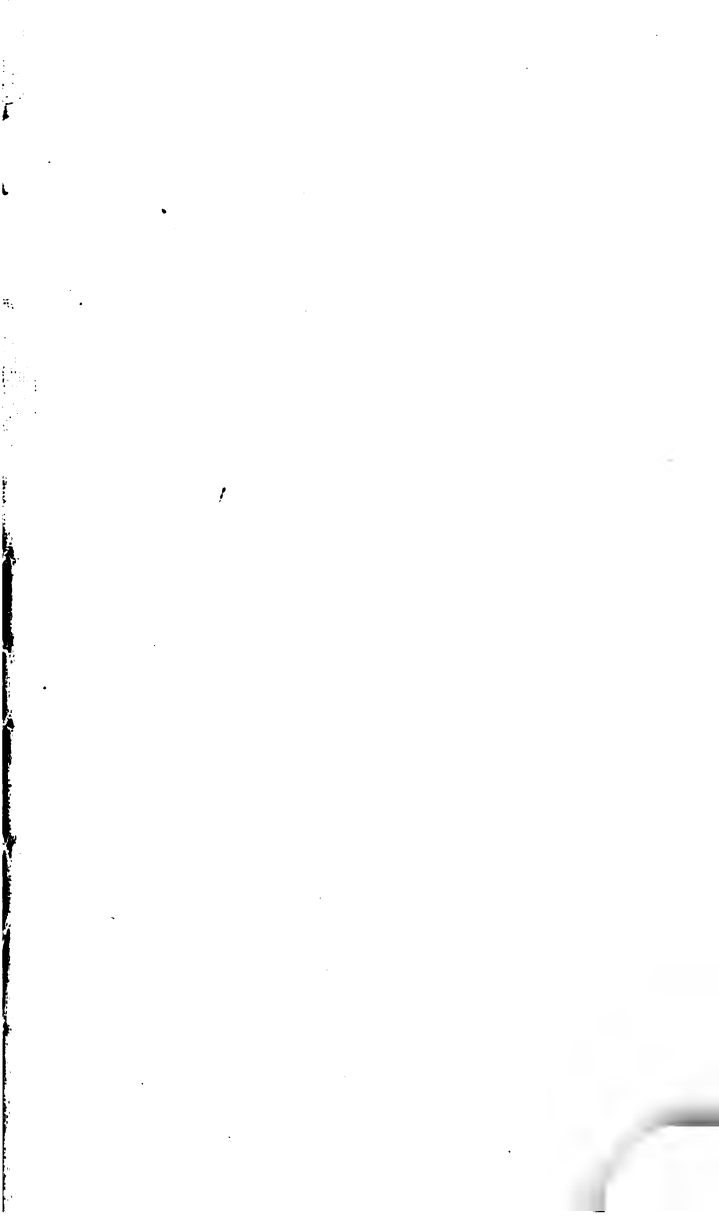
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